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Vol. CLXXXIX No. 2471 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JUNE 14 1947

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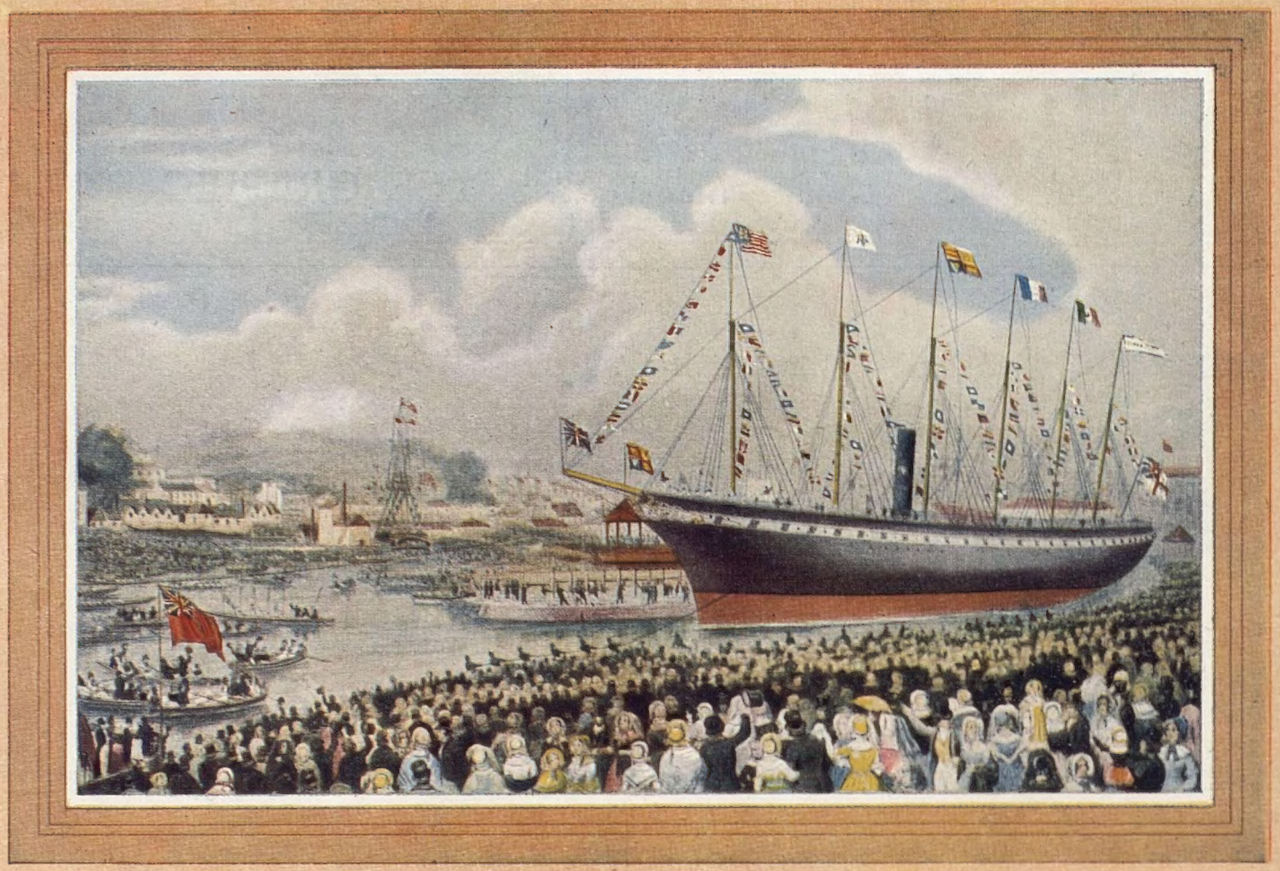

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THE SPHERE
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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE DERBY FIELD ROUNDS TATTENHAM CORNER—THE CRUCIAL POINT IN THE RACE BEFORE THE FAVOURITE FELL AWAY: Tudor Minstrel (G. Richards up) is seen in the lead, and coming up on the outside is the 40—1 winner, the French colt Pearl Diver (white noseband), which stayed on to win by four lengths

The Derby of 1947, which it was hoped would vindicate British bloodstock and restore to the Turf our pre-war superiority, ended in yet another triumph for the French when Baron G. de Waldner's Pearl Diver, by Vatellor out of Pearl Cap, won the race in runaway style by four lengths, with the hot favourite, Mr. Dewar's Tudor Minstrel, ridden by Gordon Richards, a bad fourth. It was the first Saturday Derby ever run, and tens of thousands flocked to Epsom Downs in the hope of seeing Richards ride his first Derby winner on a colt which had already won the Two Thousand Guineas and which many thought to be The Horse of the Century.

As it turned out, Tudor Minstrel simply did not stay, and after leading just beyond Tattenham Corner he gave place to Pearl Diver, the Aga Khan's Migoli, and the Gaekwar of Baroda's 28,000-guinea colt Sayajirao. The Aga Khan, a lifelong student of breeding, declared after the race, "Don't be downhearted about the Derby result. It will be England's turn again soon, when breeding is improved and restrictions on food are lifted. One of the causes of England's failure is the in-breeding to Bend Or and Hampton. When there is more breeding to St. Simon we, too, will have the horses which will stay the course." (See pages 334-5)

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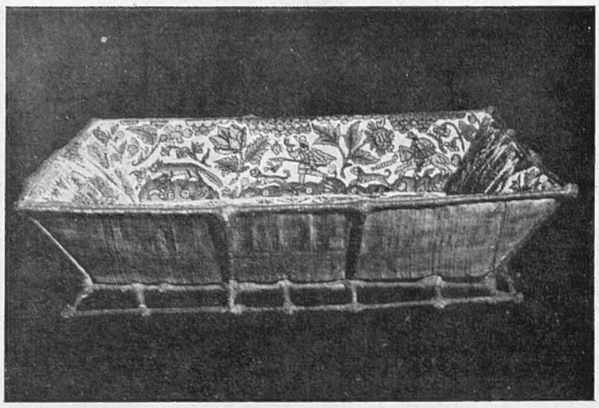
A LONDON NEWSLETTER

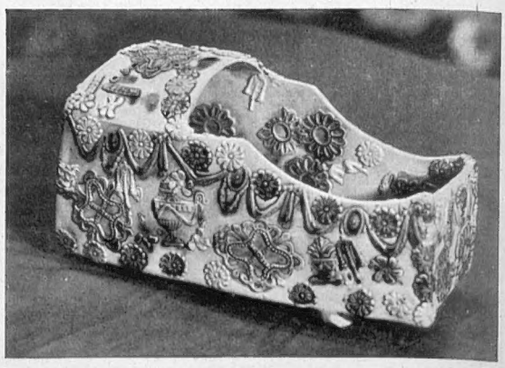
1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

India.—We should know soon enough now what will be the immediate result of the Government's great experiment or gamble of Faith in India. The longer-term results no man can hope to foresee in a generation. The last Viceroy has set up one record at least. He has gathered up the reins quicker than any of his predecessors. Anglo-Indians used to laugh at politicians who paid a fortnight's visit to India and then wrote a book about India and qualified as Indian experts at home. That belongs to the old days when a Viceroy went out to India for five years of banishment and plenary power. Nowadays he is here to-day and in Delhi tomorrow, and *vice versa*, and the problems of India are now pretty well defined, and perhaps almost as easily studied here as there. Perhaps there is rather less haze, fire and fury in England. Nevertheless, Lord Mountbatten's speed in "grasping the situation and solving the complicated knot" throws him open to the old-style criticism. Albeit the risk he takes is lessened by his constant personal touch with the Cabinet, whose responsibility it is, and by the fact that there is no cast-iron, perfect solution to this problem of warring races and creeds and of a sprawling Empire largely uneducated, radically divided and variously governed. Among the Viceroys, I believe Lord Mountbatten (who succeeded one of the older pattern) will go down to History—whatever the outcome—as a man of remarkable powers of concentration, swift appreciation of essential points, and a very keen and shrewd discrimination of political factors and of personalities. That is already the impression he has given to those working in closest touch with him.

Russian Enigma.—Russia provides new enigmas every day. There is a very ancient saying which concerns the scratching of a Russian and the finding of a Tartar. But before one defines a Tartar, one must find a typical Russian to scratch. And what *is* a Russian? Visitors to Russia return from Moscow and describe him variously and usually favourably as a friendly, hospitable soul, or a simple, kindly peasant or worker very anxious to know about Britain. If we judge of the "type" from the Russian Press, we find the Tartar at once and have no need to scratch the Russian. And the Tartar is . . . a cad. But that is not all the enigma. Russia is assumed to be well disciplined by its Government, yet its Press seems more free and unrestrained than the American. Is the voice of Russia in the Press inspired by its Government, or is it the free expression of caddishness and ignorance, in all it says of its chief allies? These questions arise after reading the outrageous article published in the official Soviet newspaper in Berlin on the third anniversary of D-Day. It declared that the Normandy landings were unnecessary for victory (already secured by Russian arms alone), and were made against antiquated and weak defences. No word of tribute to the Allied fighting men, dead and still living, who were engaged. No reference to Russia's persistant demands for a second front. After every war, conventional courtesy declines—we in Britain cannot throw stones at that target—but this example from Russia is outstanding. Caddish and worse; almost the nastiness of half-witted schoolboys. One would have expected that educated Russians, whose powers of control over Russia are not inconsiderable, would not wish to earn in Europe and America a name for sheer national stupidity, even if they are in no position to conceal a national caddishness.



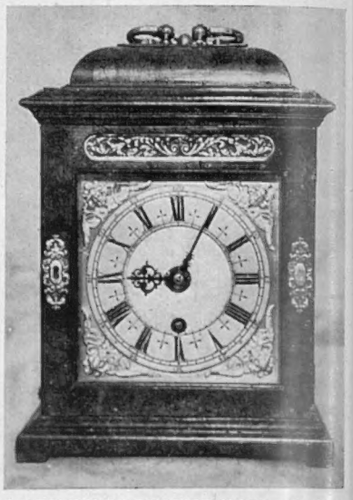
A CROMWELLIAN BASKET: An exhibit at the Antique Dealers' Fair at Grosvenor House. This basket dates from 1659 and is made of beads strung on wire. Seventeenth-century babies were laid in this type of basket when they were christened



THE RODNEY CRADLE: It was probably made by Ralph Wood, Jnr. (*circa* 1760), to commemorate Rodney's daughter. It is covered with coloured glazes and has applied reliefs of flower sprays. Pictures of ships and birds and portraits of Admiral Lord and Lady Rodney are incorporated in the reliefs

A PORTRAIT OF CHARLES II AS A YOUNG MAN: This picture in needlework is from Lord Plender's collection. It is exhibited by Charles Woollett and Son, who show a number of antiques

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CHILD'S HIGH CHAIR: This Georgian high chair has a simple device for "bouncing" the baby



A "TOMPION" BRACKET CLOCK: Thomas Tompion, called "the father of clock-making," lived in Fleet Street in the seventeenth century. This handsome bracket clock is valued at £2,000

The seventh Antique Dealers' Fair opened last Wednesday at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, and will remain open until the 27th of this month. The exhibition contains examples of every kind of work of art or craftsmanship produced before 1830. Several of the exhibits have been lent by members of the Royal Family, the remainder by the foremost dealers and collectors in this country. Their total value has been estimated to be in the neighbourhood of £4,000,000. This is the first time that the Fair has been held since 1938. A proportion of the entrance fee (3s. 6d., including an illustrated catalogue) is to be divided between the Institute of Ray Therapy, whose President is the Princess Royal, and the British Antique Dealers' Association. H.M. Queen Mary has consented to be Patron of the Fair

A Rise in Exports.—Austerity Cripps should be well satisfied with the increase in exports in one branch of our national industry—in the prizes and titles of our sporting events. In the racing industry, the Frenchmen are taking back all the chief titles and trophies. It is said that French trainers actually train their horses to run the distances of the races for which they enter, while our own puzzle A.P.H. by boasting that their entries have "never run the distance." Not being a racing man, I cannot enter the lists. Perhaps our failure is due to a deficiency of Vitamin A, B, or C. It is, anyway, good to know that this old country has still something to offer to visitors. They come from all over the world to pick up and take home the plums and prizes of our championships, at tennis, golf, and often enough, cricket. But how long can these famous venues for pot-hunters remain world-drawers if we who own them never win the prizes? How long will Wimbledon, Ascot, Goodwood, Lord's continue to draw all the sportsmen of the nations? My question begs a bigger question—is there yet any clear sign of British "decadence" in these sports? I doubt it. Obviously the "foreigner" still values these titles, because some of them take no chances and bring their own beef steaks and vitamins with them in order to fight on better than equal terms with their "starved" hosts.

Cats'-Meat and Shoddy.—Is *starvation* a too easy, comfortable theory by which to account for our decline in sporting supremacy? And, by the way, our sporting "decadence" is no new cry or cat-call. It was commonly heard in the 'nineties, when the Americans began to cross the Pond. And starvation, the apologists say, is the root cause. While personally not admitting our decadence in sport, I register a firm conviction that the shillingsworth of meat we are each allowed every week, is far too disgusting and tough, as a rule, to be set before stray cats. Indeed, it is almost waste of time, money and labour to go through the farce of distribution, as last winter was the distribution of chalk and dirt sold at £5 a ton under the name of anthracite. I have gradually become a vegetarian, but that is not the reason why I cannot stay the course of 36 gruelling holes at Carnoustie. Many a vegetarian has been a master of stamina and a champion in sport. Whatever be the causes of our defeats in sport (which are usually quickly balanced by our *successes*), I am much more concerned with our decline in commercial honesty. No doubt, economic causes account for much of the miserable quality of the goods perforce supplied by traders to the public, but it remains to ask: How long can a nation of shopkeepers (which must keep up a good name for reliability and quality in the goods it offers—or *perish*) go on selling chalk as anthracite at £5 a ton and cats'-meat and gristle as "prime beef," and pack-thread and shoddy as shirts and coats, and so on . . . before it loses all claim to serious consideration in the markets of its own or any other country? Our morale may still be high, but our morality is declining fast.

The Fourth.—Many of us started with heavy hearts (in a thunderstorm and downpour of rain) for that long and longed-for day at Eton. But the Fates relented and made up for last year's disappointment. The quincentenary Fourth perhaps provided the most ideal conditions for watching cricket and the boats and the fireworks in the school records. It proved, indeed, a day of golden memories. The day is undoubtedly a long, long day for parents, especially for those who have 50 miles to go to get to bed after midnight; but this year there were thrills to fill every minute. The loan exhibition and the College treasures in paintings and documents deserve hours of study. There was, for example, the Petworth Turner. There was, for example, Gray's minute and enchanting MS. of the *Elegy*, with the first words of that loveliest of all his stanzas ("Here scattered oft") scored out by his relevant, relentless pen. And there were half a hundred gems in all categories worth careful study and appreciation. I have only two criticisms to make about a memorable and lovely and happy day. Eton parents should know better than to mob, and to stand up and stare at, Royalties, and drivers of cars on the Fourth might at least be a little less selfish and juggernaut in driving and parking their cars in the narrowest lanes of England's No. 1 bottleneck, even if they feel that full co-operation with the police and traffic controllers is a gesture encouraging Gestapo methods—and therefore undesirable. The truth is, of course, that Eton's Fourth is nowadays an event which draws all sorts of people who have not even an oblique connection with the school. And thugs rush in where angels fear to tread, even to the extent of a last minute gate-crash to the river edge over the prone bodies of the first-comers.

THE OLD STAGER

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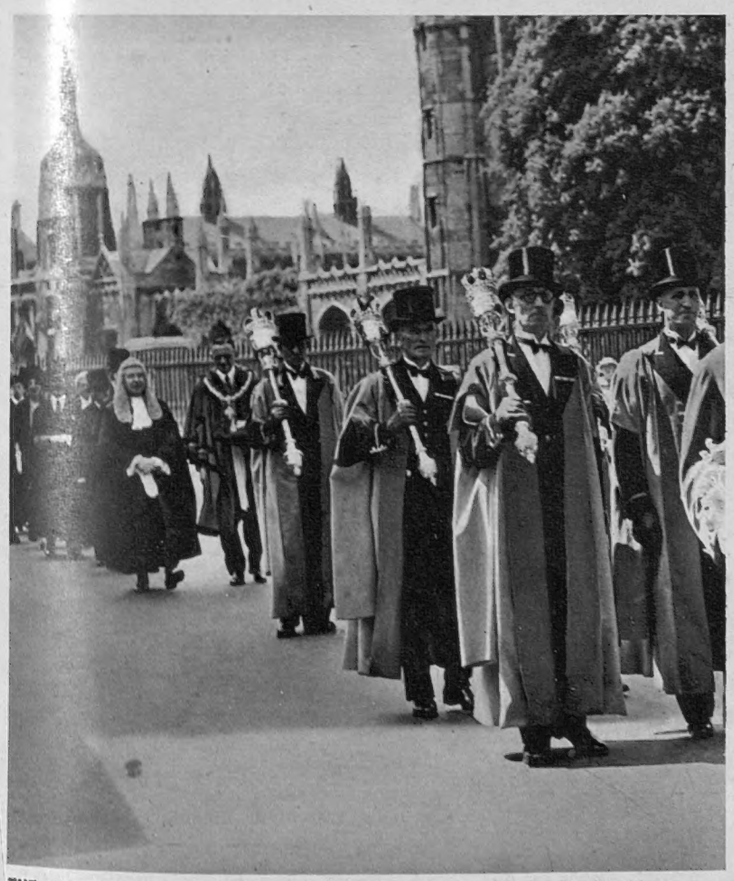
THE ROYAL FAMILY AT TRINITY

The Visit to Cambridge for the Fourth Centenary Celebrations

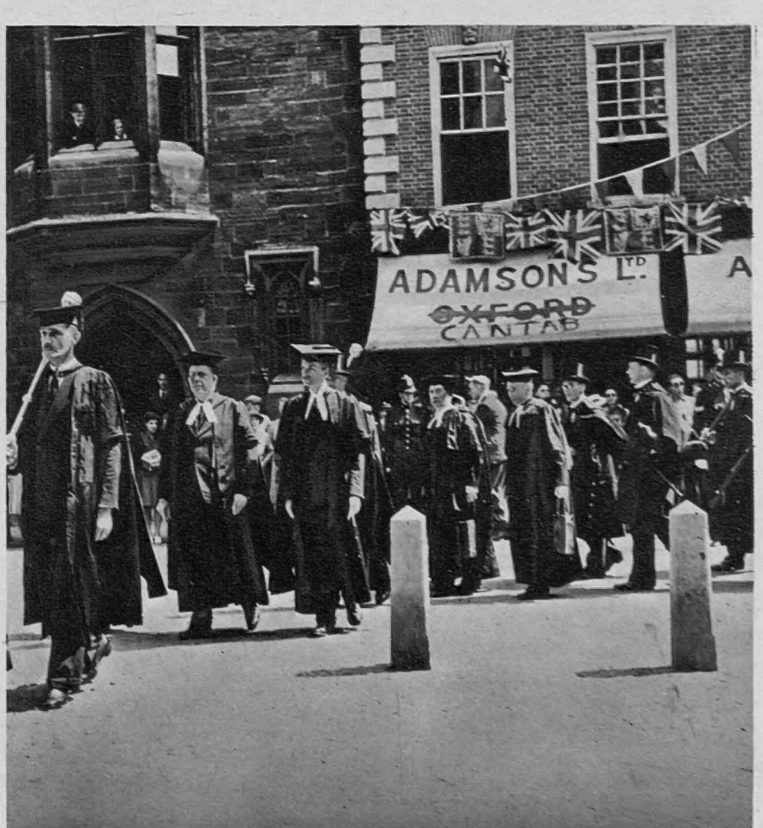
THE KING AND QUEEN WALKING WITH THE MASTER, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, DURING THEIR VISIT TO TRINITY ON ITS 400TH ANNIVERSARY: Both the King and the Duke are graduates of Trinity. When this picture was taken they were on their way to the Master's Lodge from the Chapel, where they had attended a commemoration service

THERE WAS OLD-TIME CRICKET IN "THE PADDOCKS": The Queen in conversation with one of the players in the eighteenth-century cricket match staged by Trinity Field Club in connection with the 400th anniversary

There was a great welcome for the King and Queen at Cambridge when they attended the Quatercentenary celebrations at Trinity, the College which was refounded by Henry VIII and at which both the King and the Duke of Gloucester were undergraduates. The day began with a service of commemoration in the Chapel, during which a part of the Foundation Charter was read. The King sat in the Master's stall and the Duke in that of the Vice-Master. Afterwards the King received deputations at the Master's Lodge, the one led by the Mayor of Cambridge, from Guildhall, and the other by the Vice-Chancellor, from the Senate House. Many distinguished guests attended the luncheon in Hall, including the U.S. Ambassador



THE PROCESSION FROM CAMBRIDGE GUILDHALL: The Mayor and Corporation, preceded by the mace-bearers, on their way to Trinity College, where they were received by the King at a ceremony at the Master's Lodge



THE VICE-CHANCELLOR'S PROCESSION FROM THE SENATE HOUSE: This was the second deputation which waited upon the King at Trinity, bringing the College congratulations on its quatercentenary. Ancient chain Bibles were carried in the procession, which was headed by mace-bearers. During the day there was an exhibition of books and manuscripts in Trinity Library

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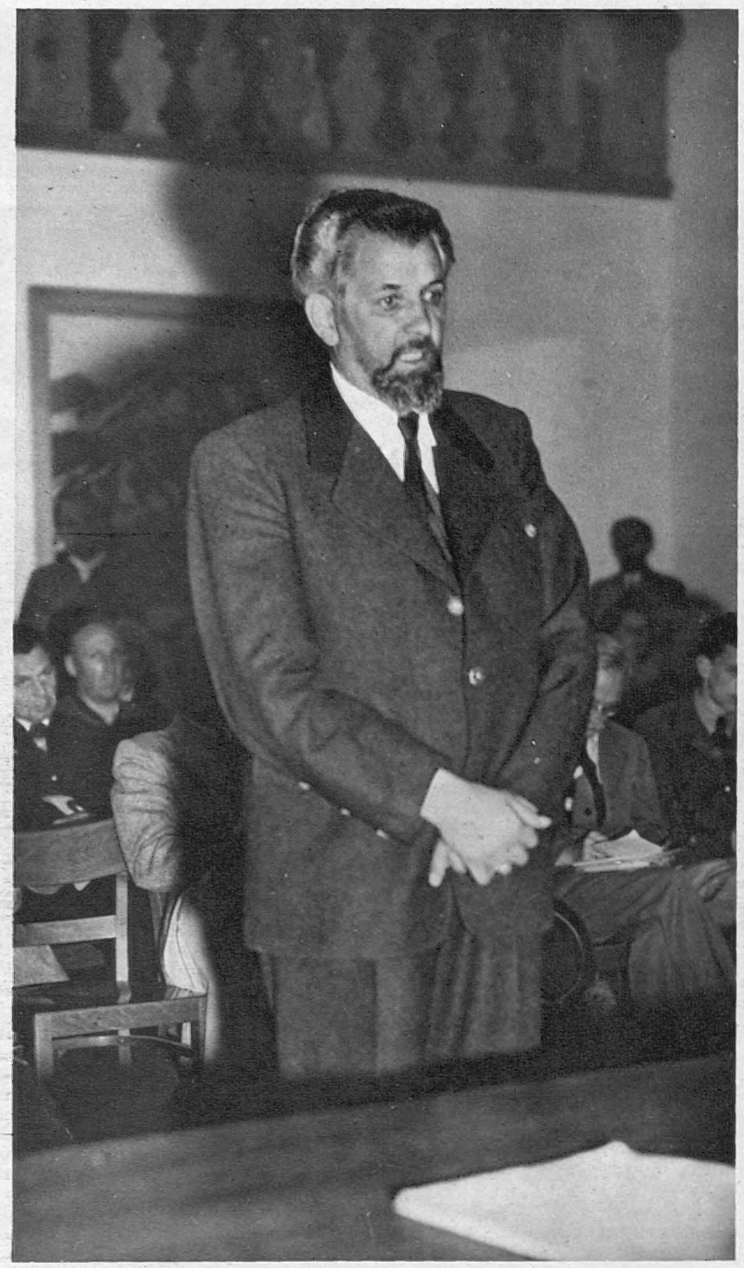


THE CASE OF ALOIS LANG—LISTED AS A NAZI ACTIVIST, CLASS II. : The man who played the part of Christ at the Oberammergau Passion Play, faces a Frankfurt de-Nazification court. Herr Lang possessed a Nazi Party card, and his adherence to the Party earned him a modest fine of 1,000 marks

THE CASE OF FRAU VON SCHIRACH : The wife of the former Hitler Youth Leader seen shortly before her arrest at a Bavarian inn with three of her four children—Angelica (aged fourteen), Richard (aged five) and Robert (aged eight). Following her arrest, Frau von Schirach was taken to the gaol at Bad Tolz and informed that she would stand trial as a major offender before a Bavarian de-Nazification court. What steps have been taken on behalf of the children are not stated. Baldur von Schirach himself is serving a sentence of twenty years imprisonment imposed upon him at Nuremberg. He played a vital part in the training of young Nazi recruits

AWAITING THE VERDICT OF THE FRANKFURT DE-NAZIFICATION COURT : Herr Alois Lang, the Oberammergau wood-carver who so often appeared as Christ in the Passion Play, talking with Music Director Max D. Mayer (left), one of his witnesses, and his attorney (right), while the de-Nazification court considered his case. Herr Lang's escape with such a light fine as 1,000 marks was due in part to his past record at Oberammergau and in part to the fact that he had in Max Mayer a Jewish witness on his behalf

The DE-NAZIFICATION of GERMANY

And Other News Pictures from the Defeated Reich

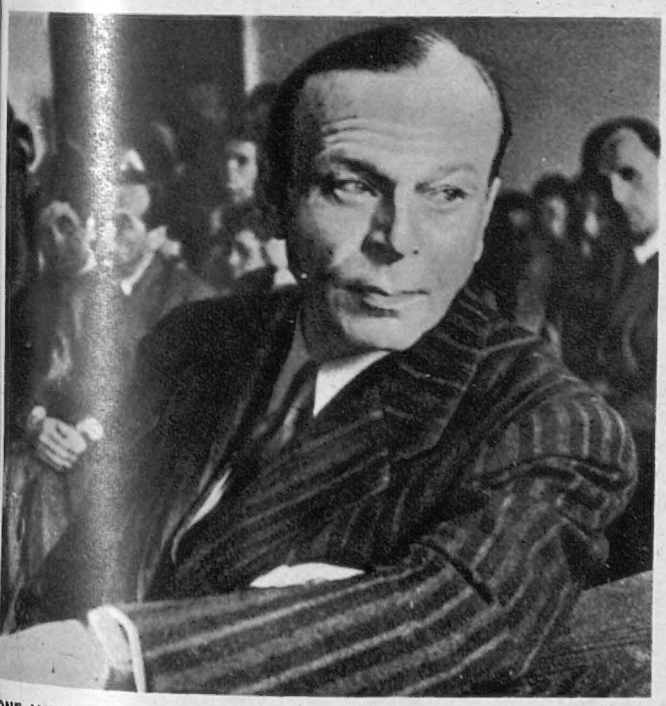
The process of de-Nazification proceeds apace. To the general mind it is not an edifying spectacle, but the Allied administration is naturally determined to root out from places high and low those Nazis who have infiltrated into the Government of the new Germany. The case of Alois Lang, of Passion Play fame, has aroused particular interest, and in a recent article in THE SPHERE readers will remember Mr. Tuohy's exposition of the tragi-comic situation of the men of Oberammergau. It appears that all the men, except the one who played Judas were guilty of being members of the Nazi Party, although the extent of their Party activity was probably modest. A more controversial phase of de-Nazification is the prosecution of the womenfolk of Nazi leaders

THE INDICTMENT OF FRAU FRANK : She is the wife of Hans Frank, the former Governor-General of Poland, whose crimes took him to the gallows at Nuremberg. Before he died, Frank ardently embraced the Christian religion, and he was one of the few Nazis to pronounce his religious faith upon the gallows. Frau Frank has also sought consolation in religion, and she whiles away the time in a Bavarian gaol by reading the Bible. She is now awaiting trial

IN FRANKFURT'S "TIN-CAN ALLEY": In her backyard, Frau Sophie Wanderer, a sixty-two-year-old citizen, has gathered together old buckets, cans, pots and pans and filled them with earth. Altogether she has 500 of these containers and she is using them for raising tomato plants, beans, onions and cabbage (for sauerkraut) to help relieve the food shortage. Frau Wanderer is seen on the right tending some of her plants

AT A MEETING OF THE ALLIED CONTROL COUNCIL IN BERLIN: The British delegates seen in session. Left to right—Mr. Rupert Raw (Chief of Allied Secretariat, British Element), Sir William Strang (Political Adviser), Air Chief-Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas, Major-General Westropp (Chief of Combined Services Division), and Sir Cecil Weir (President of the Economic Sub-Committee)

SOVIET REPRESENTATIVES AT THE ALLIED CONTROL COUNCIL, BERLIN: Left to right—Mr. Maksimov, Major-General Malinin, Lieut.-General Rudenko, Lieut.-General Dratvin (Deputy Military Governor of the Soviet Zone), Counsellor Ivanov, Lieut.-Colonel Kostenko, and Lieut.-Colonel Novikov. This was the first occasion on which Press photographers have been admitted to a meeting of the Allied Control Council. One of the Allied Control Council's most spectacular rulings has been the liquidation of the historic Prussian State



ONE WHO GOT OFF—PAUL HARTMANN IS CLEARED OF THE ACCUSATION OF NAZI ACTIVISM: Hartmann seen in the de-Nazification court at Rosenheim, Bavaria, where he has been acquitted on all charges. In the 1930's he was Germany's leading film star, and he was the last President of the Chamber of Nazi Culture. Witnesses for Hartmann declared that he had to accept the Presidency of the Actors' Guild proffered by Propaganda Minister Goebbels or else face death or imprisonment. They testified that Hartmann never used his position to aggrandise the Nazis

THE EXPERIENCES OF SIX AUSTRIAN PRISONERS OF WAR: Although Berlin to-day offers the sight of strange-looking and poorly-dressed people, this group of six caused even Berliners to take a second look. They had just returned from a Russian prisoner-of-war camp, and when this picture was taken they were searching for the Austrian Consulate. They were wearing old and tattered uniforms, and wooden-soled shoes of their own improvisation. Their mess-cans were about their only personal possessions. The men declared that they had been working in the coal-mines of the Doenitz Basin, near Vorisholovgrad. One of them declared: "There are three punishments in Russia—the death sentence, Siberia, and the Doenitz coal-mines." The men were among a group of several thousand prisoners repatriated from Russia via Frankfurt-on-Oder. They will walk to Austria

"THE LION OF MOROCCO" AT LARGE AGAIN

Abd el Krim, the Riff Leader Exiled by France, Has Found Sanctuary in Egypt

By FERDINAND TUOHY

"I HAVE the honour to greet His Majesty and beg his protection after twenty years' exile. God save Farouk, defender of Arabia and Islam." So said Abd el Krim after taking French leave at Port Said, quite a leave party that included two wives, eleven children, a brother, an uncle, his mother's remains, a retinue of twenty-nine, and sixty pieces of luggage.

The French Government is said to have since decided that it is better to move important pawns by air, even if it costs more.

"Operation Riff" showed faulty conception all through. Why have selected the estate of his conqueror as the place of enforced residence in France of Abd el Krim? Was it in good taste to assign him to Villeneuve Loubet, near Nice, because of a vacancy of tenure due to the absence of ex-Marshal Pétain in another place? Why, in particular, have gone anywhere near that siren, Egypt, while transporting the "Lion of Morocco" back to international politics?

How could people of such vigilant intelligence as the French have overlooked so quickly that the ex-Mufti saluted Farouk in almost similar language only last year, after being smuggled—and from France—to Pan-Arab G.H.Q.? Why, Cairo has become a sort of limbo for Displaced Personages. Has not Farouk swung open the door to four ex-Kings since the end of the war—of Italy, Greece, Albania and Yugoslavia? And is not Raschid Ali expected to be the next illustrious D.P. caller at the Abdin Palace?

Meanwhile, extreme annoyance and discomfiture are not confined to the Quai d'Orsay. Franco cannot be at all happy that the man who threw a whole Spanish army into the sea, at Anual, in 1921 is loose again by the Mediterranean. For that was no ordinary victory. Moors so revealed adjacent European rottenness that King Alfonso had to bolster himself with an incipient dictatorship which, developing, was to alter the history of Spain.

It could be argued that Krim indirectly created Franco, and why should not the latter feel obliged. Yet that is to overlook what Franco employed to rear himself to power. The backbone of his Army was composed of Moors from the Riff, Krim's Moors who, for that matter, are still very much in Spain. Who knows but some of them may now hear the siren call from the Riffian Hills which, on a clear day, may be discerned from the Spanish shore?

Another who may not exactly celebrate is the young Sultan of Morocco, who can hardly have forgotten that Krim usurped his Sultanate in the heady days of victory. "I am the first real Sultan," pronounced that doughty warrior, "since Abdul Aziz, before the coming of the French" (in 1907).

Krim might quite possibly have been so accepted in due course by the protecting Power, had he not been so foolish as to try and throw the French out of Morocco, as well as the Spaniards. That was in 1925, and it led to Pétain and 200,000 troops; and away went Krim into exile, a younger Krim, with eleven wives.

On the other hand, it would be wishful thinking to picture Krim starting up again where he left off: in opposition to the reigning Sultan. Much water has flowed down the Nile since the early '20's and the principal thing it has thrown up is the Pan-Arab Movement, whose most assertive side extends racially and religiously from the Atlantic to the Ægean, along what I once called "the longest road in the world." I recollect photographing for THE SPHERE an astonishing milestone near one end of it—somewhere near Meknès. It said so many thousand kilometres to Alexandria.

The road goes on to Alexandretta, having started south of Agadir, and it represents nothing less than a littoral chain of Islam, inspired by the Arab League. Such is the situation to which Krim will have to accommodate himself. Also, it happens that the man whose job he once usurped has lately been playing up well to the League's brain centre in Cairo. Not only did young Sidi Mahommed diddle the French High Commissioner, M. Labonne, out of office, with consequent loss of face to the French. He rode into Tangier and delivered himself of the following:

"It goes without saying that Morocco is an Arab country attached solidly to other eastern Arab States, and that it desires these links to become increasingly effective."

Whereupon Paris said "*Assez!*" and sent Moroccan-born, leading soldier Alphonse Juin in a warship to Casablanca to pick up Labonne's duties.

This forceful and spectacular General must have carried a whiff of Lyautey, since the Sultan was forthwith moved to refer to "the union and friendship between the French and Moroccan peoples," which was "sealed forever." "*Excellent, excellent,*" one can hear the General agreeing. Only, then he passed to the offensive as the best method of defence.

"You must not imagine," said Juin, "that Morocco is closely identified with other Muslim countries of the Near East. Morocco is a Western country at the gate of the Mediterranean and of Europe. It has possibilities of becoming an industrial and agricultural nation with an extremely prosperous future. It is thus a Western country destined to develop itself in a Western spirit." A statement which assuredly raised temperatures at the Arab League, whose application of the word "West" figures in "El Jezirah el Maghreb" when it implies the exact opposite of Juin's reasoning. It means "The Island of the West," otherwise Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia, which form an Islamic island cut off by sea or desert from co-religionists, and has therefore long been yearned for by the rest of Islam.

Cairo could indeed claim that Morocco has resisted Westernisation the longest; that, farthest from the Orient, it is the most eastern of the three, also the least tamed. There's no doubt but that Fez bears out this contention. It is more eastern than Bagdad and remains the repository of Moorish faith, learning and politics.

The last are clear enough, and shape the first of three roads meeting in Morocco. It is marked "Independence" and winds away to Cairo. But there's dissension as to method between the two chief parties, the Democratic Party of Independence and the Istiqlal. The former, which is under Hassan Wazzani, of Fez, wants to extend the internationalisation of the Tangier Zone to all Morocco as an intermediary step to full independence. Istiqlal, on the other hand, won't have any such expedient truckling.

This is the party of youth and fire. Mostly town-birds, lawyers, writers and businessmen, they refuse to admit that French presence has been of any real help, and even argue that many developments would have come had there been no Lyautey, though exactly where from, unless from another white Proconsul, is not clear. Paris-educated Ahmed Balafraz heads the Istiqlal and has opened schools in which Morocco's history as an independent State—since the eighth century—is made much of. It does sound odd that the last Moorish Minister to the Court of St. James's is still alive. So recent the loss of independence.

Wazzani's and Balafraz's men share a lack of confidence in Juin's evolutionary process leading to eventual self-government. They say that the 400,000 white colonists (mostly French) will never agree to such emancipation of the 8,000,000 Moroccans as the Paris Government may decree. The Nationalists even throw French francs in France's face—and the stuff is heaping into Morocco. They ask—what's the use of francs when France can't produce anything Morocco wants, not even the machines wanted most of all?

In a sentence: Lyautey's "Eurafrican" State, two civilisations living peacefully and profitably side by side, is thrown overboard.

The second road met with in Morocco is an out-growth of Lyauteyism and is marked "French Union." Despite being told they're no help, the French have engaged in a race against time—as elsewhere in North Africa—with the object of giving Moroccans some of the benefits they should have had already, but, of course, without the remotest intention of allowing Morocco to slip out of the French Union.

General Juin honestly aims at associating Moroccans with administration; he intends to create representative bodies, including trade unions; peasant-owned agriculture will be much expanded; proletarians gathered to the towns thanks to Pax Gallica and economic change will be moved from their tin "bidonvilles" to proper dwelling-space. Even more so does French policy aim to better the lot of the peasants who came closest to Lyautey's conception. Real education is to be risked, provided all take French. I say "risked" because Moroccans aver the protecting Power has always funked opening the native mind, lest it should get ideas.

It might be near the mark to say that French Union policy will bank on the peasants and be well prepared to curb the activities of Wazzani, Balafraz, *et Cie.*, should they get above themselves in any way.

Moroccan cross-roads is completed by the road from America. The impact of America on Morocco in the war years was such as to do nothing less than challenge the prior European imprint. You see it best in a place like Casablanca—vulgar, pushing, noisy, sky-scraping, tin-shack, factory-smelling, peppy, gangster, Philistine "Casa"—which doubled its population in a decade in best American style.

"Casa" is more East River than Nile, and, what is more, knows its future lies in the link with the Americas. Add the arrival of the United States in the Mediterranean along with the leasing of Port Lyautey, north of "Casa," and there seems to be quite an American stake developing in Morocco. Politically too. There is far too much intervening Communism in Algeria and Tunisia for the Americans to look with equanimity on Morocco being made fast to the Nile houseboat.

Eventual American co-operation with the French in raising Moroccan living standards could turn out to be the winning road.

HE TOOK FRENCH LEAVE: Abd el Krim (*centre*, and *above*) the Riff leader whom the French authorities released from exile on the island of Réunion on the understanding that he would reside in France. At Port Said he left his ship, and when this picture was taken he was in consultation with members of the Arab League. King Farouk, as in the case of the Mufti, has granted him sanctuary in Egypt

ABD EL KRIM AT MOROCCAN HOUSE, CAIRO: The veteran Riff leader surrounded by members of his family and Arab League supporters following his arrival in Egypt as the guest of King Farouk. Despite his twenty years of exile, he may yet emerge again as a factor in North African politics

THE CALLING OF "ABSENCE" IN THE QUADRANGLE AT ETON DURING THE FOURTH OF JUNE CELEBRATIONS: An animated scene in the school-yard when parents and sisters, uncles and aunts turned up in force, and the celebrations were even nearer the pre-war scale than they were in 1946. This year the rain did not mar the proceedings, but a timely thunderstorm early in the day cleared the oppressive heat. The cricket on Agar's Plough, the Speeches and the Fireworks each had its appointed place in the traditional programme, which went as swiftly and pleasantly as usual. Many visitors attended the Quincentenary Exhibition, belatedly commemorating the 500th anniversary of the college

FOURTH OF JUNE AT ETON

A Near Return to the Celebrations of Pre-war Days

MID-MORNING INTERLUDE: The calling of "Absence" in the quadrangle at Eton. Parents and other visitors mingle with the boys as they wait to acknowledge their names called from the roster from the Chapel steps

RAIN AND SUNSHINE, UMBRELLAS AND SUMMER FROCKS GIVE VARIETY TO THE "FOURTH": *Left*—Umbrellas to the fore at the start of the celebrations, and (*right*) the sun breaking through in the quadrangle later in the day, when, as usual, many parents heard the calling of "Absence." More than once in recent years a thunderstorm has wrecked the Fourth of June; this year it came just in time to clear the air before the arrival of the guests

LONDON'S TOWER

Mecca of the Foreign Tourist, the Provincial Visitor, and the City Worker

The Tower of London, that ancient fortress, palace and prison, the scene of so many stirring and tragic events in the nation's history, was particularly fortunate in the Second World War, even though it lay directly in the main target area of the Luftwaffe. All around it is desolation. West to St. Paul's, east to Wapping, or north to Aldgate the story of destruction is the same. The Tower itself remains substantially intact, only the massive North Bastion, constructed in 1848 as a defence against the Chartists, having been badly hit. For over a year now the Tower has been open to the public again, and just as in the past it has become a Mecca for the tourist. Every oversea visitor must see the Tower. The provincial visitor is drawn alike to this place of memories, while round its tree-fringed historied moat the hot and tired City worker delights to find lunch-hour relaxation.

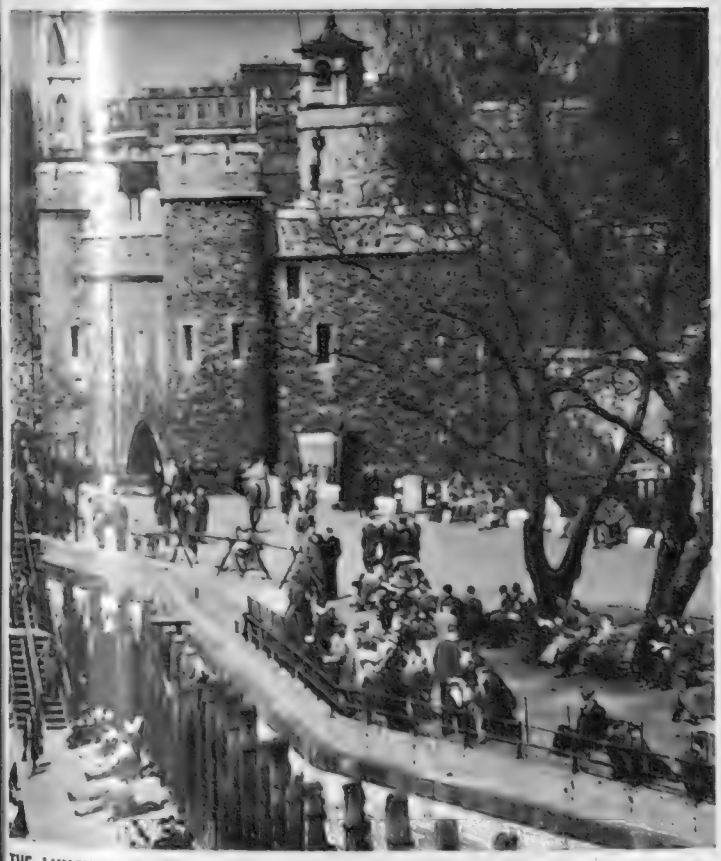
WHERE TWO BOMBS FELL IN OCTOBER 1940—THE NORTH BASTION OF THE TOWER OF LONDON, WHICH HAS NOW BEEN CLEARED OF THE MAJOR PART OF ITS DEBRIS WHICH FOR SEVERAL YEARS RENDERED THE MOAT UNSIGHTLY: The drawing shows how the gash made by the bombs has been brought flush with the wall, which here comes to a wide-angled point. Behind the outer wall and the bastion (of comparatively modern construction) can be seen the upper portions of the Bowyer, Flint and Devereux Towers. Shortage of labour and materials delayed the reopening of the Tower until 1946—*Drawing by Maud Parsons*

TULIP TIME IN THE PRECINCTS OF THE TOWER—TWO SPRINGTIME VIEWS OF THE MOAT, WHICH THIS YEAR HAD A WONDERFUL DISPLAY OF BULBS: The Tower in pre-war days was always a beloved spot for the City worker, for it was the pleasantest open space to which he could resort in the lunch-hour, with cool breezes blowing refreshingly up the Thames. To-day that popularity has returned after six years in which the precincts were out of bounds

PANORAMA OF THE TOWER OF LONDON—A VIEW OF TOWER HILL, FROM THE PORT OF LONDON AUTHORITY BUILDING ON THE LEFT TO TOWER BRIDGE AWAY IN THE DISTANCE ON THE RIGHT: To-day, shrouded in its summer mantle of foliage, the scars of war are not so plain to the eye, but the Tower stands in a part of London that endured more in the days of the blitz than any other area in England. In the centre of the drawing is the site of the Tower Hill scaffold, where so many political prisoners of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were beheaded. During the war the Tower precincts were declared a prohibited area, and the Crown Jewels, first taken to Windsor Castle, were afterwards stored in the vaults of the Bank of England—*Drawing by Percy Horne*

The Tower of London, covering nearly thirteen acres, has been in its time a fortress, a Royal residence and a State prison. Its prisoners have been the great and the infamous of many ages, among them two comparatively recent inmates, Baillie Stewart, who was incarcerated there in 1933-34, and Hess, who was accommodated in the West Wing of the King's House following his uninvited arrival by parachute in the early stages of the war. The above view of Tower Hill, as seen from near the Port of London Authority building, presents a striking scene to the eye. On the extreme left is the P.L.A. building, its blitzed corner patched with brickwork; next comes the old Trinity House building, still a burned-out shell, although the walls are there ready for the reconstruction architect. The pretty tree-shadowed square, shorn of its railings, still provides cool resting-places for the limited number of local residents who can enjoy one of London's choicest panoramas from this historic spot. The position of the Tower Hill scaffold is still marked on the western side of the square. To the south rises the little chapel-like memorial which records the hundreds of London seamen who lost their lives in the 1914-18 war.

The Tower stands on the site of a Roman fort, and it may indeed have owed its inception to Julius Cæsar, but its history really began in the time of Alfred the Great. The present White Tower, the most conspicuous of the mass of buildings, was built for William the Conqueror about the year 1078 by Gundulf, Bishop of Rochester. In the time of Henry I the Tower became a Royal Palace, but this part was destroyed in the Cromwellian period



THE LUNCH-HOUR PROMENADE: City workers stroll along the promenade beneath the battlements or sit beneath the trees watching the sights and scenes of the river. The promenade is known as "The Ditch." Towards the left is the Traitors' Gate, through which so many men and women have passed to their doom

BASKING IN THE SUNSHINE ON TOWER BEACH: A holiday scene beside the river. When the tide is out this is a favourite resort of Londoners, and on hot summer days paddling in the not-so-clean waters of the Thames can be pleasurable enough. The beach was opened to the public in the 1930's as a resort for East End children

KING ABDULLAH WATCHES THE MARCH-PAST OF HIS TROOPS: The ruler of Transjordan standing at the saluting-base on the aerodrome near Amman when reviewing Transjordan's armed forces on the first anniversary of the creation of the new kingdom. Standing on the left is Crown Prince Talal, and just behind him is General MacMillan, G.O.C. Palestine and Transjordan. On the right are officers of the Arab Legion

CEREMONIAL DRIVE AT AMMAN: King Abdullah of Transjordan and General MacMillan on their way from the palace to the review-ground outside Amman during the recent celebrations on the occasion of the first anniversary of the Kingdom of Transjordan

A Foreign News Survey

INDEPENDENCE DAY IN AMMAN

More Terrorist Attacks in Palestine: Marie Louise Penet Stands Her Trial: A South African Art Sensation

Transjordan, the modern Arab State, which roughly corresponds to the area of the old Seljuk Kingdom of Kerak and the Lordship of Montreal, assumed in May of last year full independence as a Hashimite Kingdom. At the same time, the Emir Abdullah, who had governed for so long under British guidance, assumed the throne. To mark the first anniversary of the creation of the new sovereign State, there were scenes of elaborate ceremonial in Amman recently, the big event of the day being the parade of the Arab Legion on the R.A.F. aerodrome. A mechanised force of cavalry and the Beduin Camelry took part in the celebrations. The streets of Amman were gay with flags and bunting, and in the evening there were illuminations. In a royal speech King Abdullah made a reference to the unity of all the Arab countries of the Near and Middle East, and he spoke of Arab solidarity over the Palestinian question.

AN IRISHMAN, TWO ENGLISHMEN AND A WELSHMAN PROVIDED THIS ESCORT: Warrant Officer Freda Hallam and Corporal Peggy Sheppard, two A.T.S. attached to British Army Headquarters, Jerusalem, taking a stroll down King George Avenue, Jerusalem. Escorting them were Driver Noonan (Waterford), Sergeant Cook (Bath), Driver Turner (Chingford) and Sergeant A. Williams (Caerphilly). It is a regulation that all A.T.S. in Jerusalem must have an escort of four soldiers when out of the safety zones

THE STATIONMASTER SURVEYS THE WRECKAGE OF RAMLEH STATION: Ibrahim Hakim, seated amid the pile of rubble which once formed the booking office and entrance hall, after the recent explosion, one of three simultaneous attacks on the Palestine railway system. It appears that the Jerusalem-Lydda train drew into Ramleh on the morning of May 27 at 10.45, and stayed there about two minutes before pulling out. Five minutes later the explosion occurred, completely wrecking the whole station. There was only one casualty, the stationmaster's wife, who was injured in the leg. The police believe that the explosives were secreted in suitcases left in the booking-hall by men who momentarily left the train

A TRAGEDY MARS STOCKHOLM'S FLYING DAY: This was the scene on Bromma Airport as members of the public flocked towards a group of buildings where a Swedish Air Force Vampire aircraft had just crashed. About 30,000 people witnessed the accident, including the Swedish Prime Minister and numerous other State officials. The Vampire, it appeared, was about to land at the end of a most spectacular demonstration flight, but it suddenly lost height, bounced against a roof, smashed against a car, and finally disintegrated

TWENTY-THREE YEARS A NUN, NOW INDICTED AS A "GUN-MOLL": Marie Louise Penet in the dock of a Paris court, where she has been charged with the murder of an aged woman to whom she acted as nurse. It was alleged by the prosecution that Penet had taken to crime after living in a convent for the greater part of her life. Two men have been charged with her

WILD WORDS IN THE PLAZA SAN MARTIN: Buenos Aires police removing to custody Juan Masucho after he had been involved in a street fight with a soldier on the 137th anniversary of Argentinian independence. Masucho, it appears, insulted the Army and its leaders in a speech in the Plaza San Martin, and when his soldier-opponent attacked him with a sword he drew a revolver. One of the police is seen holding Masucho's gun. In contrast, the revolution of May 1810, the *raison d'être* of the day's celebrations, was a peaceful affair—a point not missed by the Buenos Aires Press on the morning following this incident

A CHURCH GOES TO SEA: Christ Church, Hull, Massachusetts, has been acquired by the Parish of St. Peter's-on-the-Canal at Buzzard's Bay. To effect the transfer, the building has been set up on an ocean-going barge, and when this picture was taken favourable weather was being awaited before the barge and its tug set out. The Cape Cod area is notorious for bad weather, and no risks were taken in setting out until the weather-forecasters were optimistic

"WHAT AM I BID FOR THIS MASTERPIECE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN?" Mr. John Marcus, the Cape Town auctioneer, selling one of the 129 pictures which were formerly in the possession of the South African National Gallery. Their sale has caused quite a controversy at the Cape, and members of the public are now asking for an official explanation

"VASCO DA GAMA ROUNDING THE CAPE," BY JAMES FRASER: This was the scene in the Cape Town auction galleries as Mr. J. Marcus sold for 210 guineas, the highest price of the day, an historic South African canvas. The picture was one of 129 weeded out of the South African National Gallery by the Trustees and sold, without the knowledge or consent of the public, to a resident of Johannesburg. The total price paid for the pictures was £1,200, but at their subsequent Cape Town auction they fetched £5,144. This has led to inquiries in the correspondence columns of the Press, and strong feelings have been aroused in the matter. It is possible that there will now be an inquiry into the Gallery's powers with regard to the sale of pictures in the national possession

THEY 'RE OFF!—THE DERBY FIELD OF 1947 GETS OFF TO A FAIRLY GOOD START: An overhead view of the scene as the tapes went up and the fifteen runners set off on their journey of 1½ miles. Gordon Richards on the favourite, Tudor Minstrel, approached the tapes sideways, but he got off well, as also did the winner, Pearl Diver (identified by white nose-band), which is seen in the centre of the field

PEARL DIVER'S DERBY

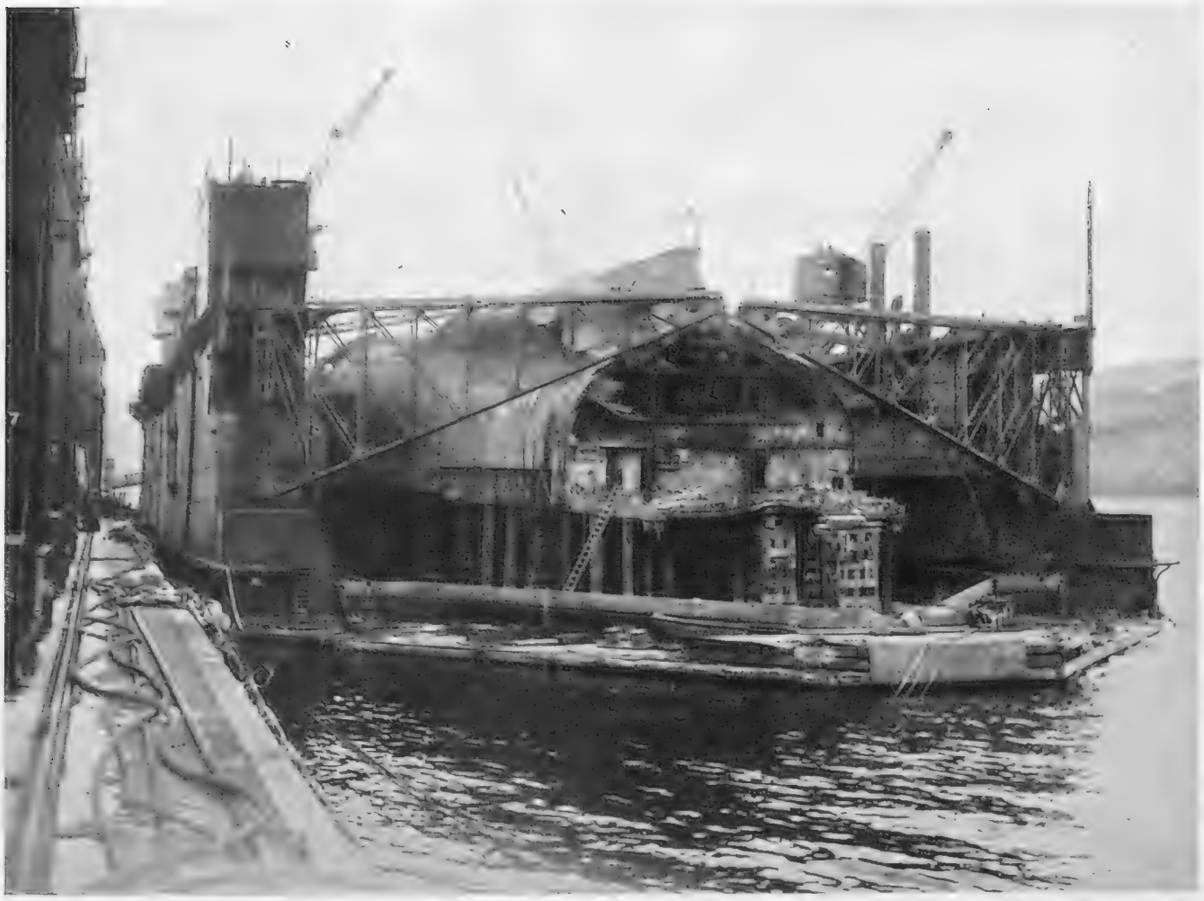
Yet Another French Triumph on the British Turf. How the 40-1 Outsider Beat One of the Hottest Favourites in the History of the Race

Ever since the close of the war French horses have been winning the major British races. Last year Marsyas, Souverain and Co. were taking away the big cups. This year it has been Chanteur II., while the filly Imprudence has won both the 1,000 Guineas and the Oaks. The Derby, however, seemed safe for England, for as Tudor Minstrel already winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, the Turf critics and the public were ready to acclaim "The Horse of the Century." In under three minutes all those hopes were dashed last Saturday, and the pictures on these pages show in detail how Tudor Minstrel, after fighting madly for his head and refusing to settle down, came down the hill to Tattenham Corner in uncertain fashion and, after taking the lead, was passed in a few strides by the Frenchman Pearl Diver, and then tailed away into fourth place behind Migoli and Sayajirao. It was a sad day, indeed, for British bloodstock, and only the bookmakers, the well-informed French visitors and a few lucky punters left Epsom Downs with any degree of jubilation

THE DESCENT TO TATTENHAM CORNER—THE FIELD BUNCHED TOGETHER AT THE HALF-WAY STAGE, WHEN IT IS VITAL TO GET A GOOD POSITION: At this point Blue Cavil and Bhishma, pacemaker for the Gaekwar of Baroda's Sayajirao, are seen disputing the lead, and just on the left is Tudor Minstrel. The picture evidences that the favourite came down the hill in unbalanced fashion, fighting for his head all the time, and consequently expending vital energy which would have been better employed at the end of the race. On the extreme left is the winner, Pearl Diver, which came past the leaders half-way up the straight

THE FRENCH COLT SPREADEAGLES THE FIELD—A HEAD-ON VIEW OF THE LAST HUNDRED YARDS OF THE RACE, WHEN PEARL DIVER, ADMIRABLY RIDDEN BY G. BRIDGLAND, CAME THROUGH TO WIN THE DERBY BY FOUR LENGTHS: Just behind Pearl Diver is the Aga Khan's Migoli, while towards the right and under pressure is Sayajirao, the 28,000-guinea colt, running in the colours of the Gaekwar of Baroda. In fourth position, behind Migoli, is the beaten Tudor Minstrel

ONE STRIDE FROM THE POST—TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF A ROAR OF CHEERING, MUCH OF WHICH WAS IN THE MISTAKEN BELIEF THAT THE FAVOURITE HAD WON, OWING TO THE SIMILARITY OF COLOURS AND NUMBERS, THE 40—1 OUTSIDER, PEARL DIVER, WINS THE 1947 DERBY: There was no doubt about the colt's superiority, and four lengths behind him Migoli and Sayajirao are battling out the place honours. The favourite, Tudor Minstrel, is not even in the picture



THE SCRAPPING OF THE GERMAN BATTLE-CRUISER "DERFFLINGER": The hull of the 28,000-ton warship lying upside down in a floating dock at Faslane, on Gareloch, Clydeside, where she is being scrapped by Metal Industries, Ltd. The *Derfflinger*, one of the outstanding fighting units in the German Imperial Fleet in the First World War, was scuttled by her German crew at Scapa in 1919 and has only lately been raised to the surface and towed to the Gareloch, where she is being broken up beside her old enemy, Jellicoe's *Iron Duke*. Faslane is a £5,000,000 port, built during the Second World War for the handling of supplies. It was acquired last year by Metal Industries, Ltd., for their shipbreaking and salvage business

JUTLAND ENEMIES MEET AT FASLANE

The *Iron Duke* and the *Derfflinger* at the Same Clydeside Shipbreakers

CARVING UP THE "IRON DUKE"—ADMIRAL JELLICOE'S FLAGSHIP AT THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND IS BROKEN UP FOR SCRAP AT THE PORT OF FASLANE, ONLY A FEW YARDS FROM HER OLD ENEMY OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR, THE GERMAN BATTLE-CRUISER "DERFFLINGER": *Left*—**A general view of the "Iron Duke," showing her present condition, with her sides stripped half-way down to the water-line, and (*right*) men engaged in cutting operations with acetylene burners.**

A MIGHTY SHIP OF WORLD WAR I IN A PORT OF WORLD WAR II—THE "IRON DUKE" IN PROCESS OF BEING SCRAPPED AT FASLANE; A VIEW SHOWING THE PICTURESQUE SCENERY SURROUNDING THE METAL INDUSTRIES' SHIPBREAKING YARD ON GARELOCH: Between them "Iron Duke" and "Derfflinger" are providing much valuable steel for industry, and it is probable that several more large ships, now on the verge of being scrapped, will follow them to Faslane. The "Warspite," which went on the rocks of Prussia Cove when on the way north, would have been dismantled at this port. During the Second World War Faslane was the scene of enormous activity, playing a big part in the pre-invasion preparations. In those days it was known as No. 1 Military Port. It lies near Roseneath, where the Americans landed such a quantity of their equipment when they were building up their strength in Britain

CARVING UP THE "DERFFLINGER"—TWO VIEWS OF THE ONCE-PROUD FLAGSHIP OF THE GERMAN HEAVY CRUISER SQUADRON, WHICH SAW SERVICE AT JUTLAND, DURING THE COURSE OF HER DEMOLITION AT FASLANE PORT: *Left*—Steelwork being removed by crane. Running down the centre of the picture is the "Derfflinger's" massive keel-plate. *Right*—A section of the ship in its inverted position, within the floating dock. "Derfflinger" had to be placed in a floating dock on the last stage of its voyage from Scapa to Faslane to make possible the journey through the comparatively shallow waters of the Gareloch. One of the turrets accommodating the heavy cruiser's main armament can be seen. Her 12-in. guns were among the most formidable naval weapons of their day

VILLAGE WELFARE PLANS FOR AVON CARROW—THIS DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY MANSION AT AVON DASSETT, IN THE HEART OF WARWICKSHIRE, HAS BEEN ACQUIRED BY MR. W. G. M. WORRALL, AND HE WILL CONVERT IT INTO A RURAL COMMUNITY CENTRE: Mr. Worrall, a former major in the Welsh Guards, has bought the property from the executors of the late Baron Profumo. Mr. Worrall plans to live in only a small portion of the house. Half of it, with a separate kitchen, dining-room and sitting-room, will be a maternity ward for the village people of Warwickshire. Six small rooms will be used by the old people of Avon Dassett village who cannot look after their own cottages. There will be a dance hall, cinema, tennis court, croquet lawn, library, and cricket and football grounds. The gardens and other amenities will be open to all in the village. In this way Mr. Worrall, originator of the "Victory Cottage" scheme, hopes once again to find a use for large houses in villages. "By running them on a financial basis," he says, "the large houses can once again be dedicated to the use of the people and release many smaller dwellings for which there is to-day such a demand"

The JUNE GLORIES of the ENGLISH SCENE

The Blossom Gives Promise of a Bumper Fruit Crop

BRITAIN PREPARES FOR A BUMPER FRUIT CROP: Two pictures from the East Anglian countryside showing (*left*) a spray of red-currants, and (*right*) a mass of blossom on the apple-trees. Too many apples have set, and if the fruit is to be of reasonable size a considerable amount of thinning may become necessary during the summer months. Throughout Britain an enormous apple crop is expected

TOO MUCH FRUIT HAS SET: A close-up of one spur of a pear-tree showing the result of profuse blossoming upon one spur alone. Two pieces of fruit on a spur are adequate, and more than that will lead to a large yield of undersized fruit. In a letter to THE SPHERE, Douglas Went, the well-known nature-study photographer, who took these pictures, declares: "One of the reasons—in this district (Essex) at least—for a probable bumper fruit crop is due to the large amount of fruit that has set owing to the many bees, of all kinds, that have fertilised the blossoms. The writer has seen eight kinds of wild and bumble bees, and trees and bushes have been, and are, swarming with them, giving a delightful humming sound of varied keys. More fruit has set than usual, and in the case of apples and pears these will probably need thinning later in order to avoid fruit of small size

A LONE CRAFTSMAN AND HIS WINTER TASK: Mr. George Huffey, last of a long line of wheelwrights and farriers, with the farm wagon which he built singlehanded during the winter months. Mr. Huffey, who is sixty-four years of age and hails from Ingatestone, Essex, finds himself almost overwhelmed with work from local farmers whose wagons need repair. This wagon is a splendid example of rural craftsmanship. During the coming hay harvest it will be used for the first time

A MOBILE AND VERSATILE CRAFTSMAN OF THE SURREY HIGHWAYS: James Constable watched by his son Donald, who hopes to follow in his father's footsteps, as he repairs a cane chair by the roadside at Tadworth, Surrey. Mr. Constable also repairs mats, rugs and carpets, and he grinds knives, shears and lawn-mowers

On right—

HE HAS 250,000 TROUT TO FEED: Mr. F. W. Stevens at work at his trout hatchery at Horsley Mill, Gloucestershire. The work of the hatchery is described below

250,000 TROUT BUT NO FISHING—THE HATCHERY AT HORSLEY MILL, IN A LOVELY VALLEY NEAR STROUD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, HAS FORTY POOLS WHERE THE FISH ARE BROUGHT TO MATURITY: There is now a big fish queue at Horsley Mill, consisting of buyers anxious to restock barren reaches affected by the winter cold spell. The hatchery is having to satisfy their requirements in strict rotation

There is a famine to-day in the waters of many fishing clubs, where formerly catches were abundant. The ravages of the February freeze-up and the effects of pollution must be repaired speedily or angling in some parts of England will be seriously curtailed. Inevitable neglect of fisheries in the war years has also taken its toll. One of the hatcheries attempting to meet this crisis is that at Horsley Mill, in the heart of the Gloucestershire countryside, where fish culture has been carried on for eighty years. From Stroud, the anglers' cars, the visiting buyers, anxious for some measure of priority, follow each other along the winding road through the typical Cotswold village of Nailsworth. There a side road leads them to the hidden valley, where the 400-year-old mill stands as a link with the days when the Cotswold woollen industry was supreme in Europe. The mill is used as the hatchery, and the miller's cottage as the business office, where callers are received. From the hatchery the young fish are transferred to the chain of pools which stretch the entire length of the valley. Horsley Mill is a place of idyllic beauty, particularly in June, when the hillsides are clothed in the fresh greenery of summer

HOME EVENTS

THE ALLIED COURTS IN LONDON: NAVAL BELLS FOR SALE: A HELICOPTER'S NOVEL ROLE

WHEN BRITAIN WAS THE LAST BASTION OF FREEDOM IN THE WEST: Viscount Jowitt, the Lord Chancellor, speaking at Middlesex Guildhall, Westminster, at the unveiling of panels commemorating the setting-up of foreign Courts in London during the war to meet the needs of the exile Governments having to deal with maritime and military affairs. Seated towards the right is Mr. Bevin, the Foreign Secretary

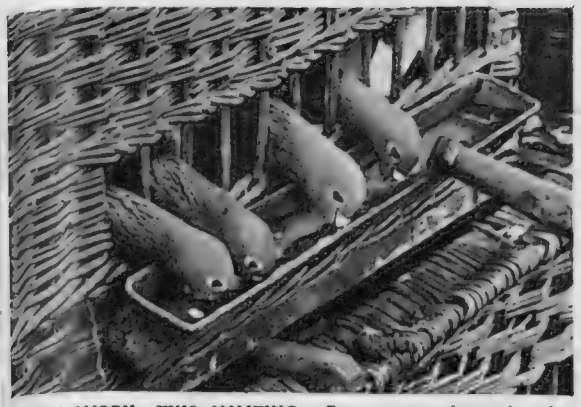
THE ARMS OF THE NETHERLANDS, POLAND, NORWAY, BELGIUM, AND GREECE: One of the panels unveiled at Middlesex Guildhall to commemorate London's foreign Courts. It bears the signatures of the late King George of the Hellenes, the wartime Premier of Belgium, Queen Wilhelmina, and other leaders

With the greater part of Western Europe overrun by the Nazi hordes, and England threatened with imminent invasion, London became the home of the exile Governments. Here freedom, though in mortal danger, was preserved. That heroic role was brought to mind last week at Middlesex Guildhall during the unveiling of the panels commemorating the foreign Courts set up by those exile Governments under the Allied Forces Maritime Courts Act. The Courts, staffed by foreign judges, were held at this Guildhall; the Netherlands, Poland, Norway, Belgium, and Greece using them to a large extent for dealing with maritime and military offences

THE NAVY'S 266 SURPLUS SHIPS' BELLS: Seamen of H.M.S. "London" clearing up some of the bells at Chatham Dockyard prior to the Admiralty sale. For the 266 bells offered for auction there were applications from 500 potential purchasers, and bidding was expected to be brisk. Among the bells are those of the minesweepers *Eastbourne*, *Hazard*, and *Bridlington*; the corvettes *Puffin* and *Kittiwake*; the 1,500-ton destroyer *Codrington*, and the 8,000-ton cruiser *York*. H.M.S. *Codrington* was sunk at Dover in July 1940

THE R.A.F. DEALS WITH THE INVADERS: Flight-Lieut. Hawkes examining the test-tube at the base of the net which is used for capturing bean aphis, a new destroyer of crops which is making its appearance on this side of the Channel in increasing numbers

THE HARVEST OF THE SKIES: As the helicopter hovers overhead, two R.A.F. men stand by to receive the net containing the day's catch. The helicopter, chartered by the Agricultural Research Council, is being used to fight the latest attempt to invade Britain. The "invaders" are insects called bean aphis, which damage peas, beans and sugar-beet. Blown across the Channel, they are breeding on the English coast in increasing numbers, arousing deep concern among the farming community. The Research Council wants to find out how this insect gets to Britain. When the wind at Eastbourne is blowing from the Continent, the helicopter takes off from the nearby R.A.F. station at Wartling Hill. Three miles off the coast it trails a wind-sock-shaped net which scoops up insects in flight and (by wind-pressure) forces them down into a test-tube at the bottom. When the helicopter lands, the test-tube and the insects are put into a box, chloroformed and sent for examination by scientists at Oxford



THIRSTY WORK, THIS WAITING: Four competitors in the 250-mile pigeon race from Welwyn Garden City to Newcastle-on-Tyne quenching their thirst on arrival by train at Welwyn during the height of the recent heat-wave. Altogether, 30,000 pigeons took part in the race, and they were brought south in ten railway vans prior to release from the Welwyn sidings. The race was sponsored by the Upnorth Combine Pigeon Society and is one of the biggest events of its kind held since the war. The distance from Welwyn to Newcastle is nearly 250 miles. During the coming months there will be news of even longer pigeon races with Continental towns as starting-points

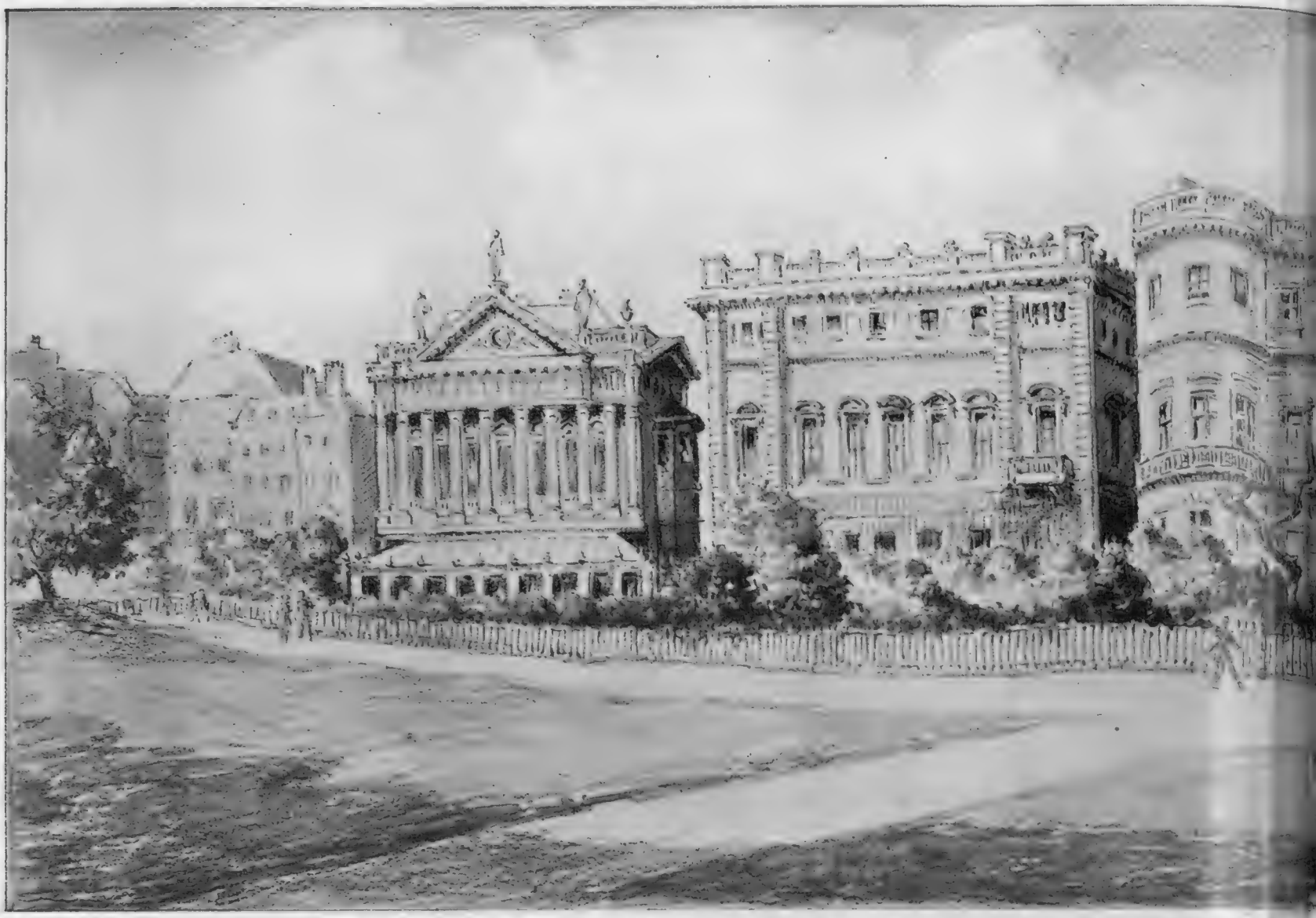
A LIVING CLOUD SWEEPS INTO A CLOUDLESS SUMMER SKY: The release of the 30,000 pigeons in the sidings at Welwyn Garden City at the start of the 250-mile race to Newcastle-on-Tyne

A COPPER HUNT IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL: The Admiralty salvage vessel "Lifeline" seen at Plymouth before setting out for the spot on the British coast where 3,000 tons of copper lie at a depth of 40 fathoms. This valuable cargo was lost when the steamer "Alaska" went down during the war. Playing a big part in the salvage operations will be Rafaello Mancini, the well-known Italian deep-sea diver, who has immense experience in this type of work. His first task will be to survey the wreck from an observation chamber and then report on the best plan for recovering the cargo and on the equipment required

RAFAELLO MANCINI ENTERS HIS OBSERVATION CHAMBER: The famous Italian deep-sea diver demonstrating the equipment which he will use for his descent to the wreck of the steamer "Alaska" during the salvage operations in the English Channel

KINGSTEIGNTON HOLDS ITS SPRING ROASTING FAIR: Butcher Fred Gurr basting the 98-lb. deer carcase when cooking it over an open log-fire at this Devon village. It is the custom to roast a ram at the Kingsteignton Fair, but ram is still on the ration, and Mr. Strachey announced that he could make no special concession. Finally Lord Clifford of Ugbrooke came to the rescue by presenting for roasting a deer shot on his own estate. Holders of lucky programme numbers were presented with slices of hot venison. It will be seen how the roasting-frame has been removed from the fire for the basting process

EELS FOR THE LONDON MARKET: Live eels being unloaded from the "Kathrine Peterson" at Heybridge Basin, near Maldon, Essex. They are being poured down a slipway into a tank, where they will be kept alive until required. The eel boats are specially adapted for this cargo, a section of the hull of each vessel being perforated to give a continuous change of water



THE SPACIOUS WEST END HOUSES THAT LOOK WESTWARDS ACROSS THE GREEN PARK: An artist's impression of residences which are **not so familiar to Londoners as their central position might imply.** On the left is eighteenth-century Spencer House, which has recently been acquired by Christie's, the auctioneers, and the main salon of which will eventually be used as their chief auction-room. Spencer House, with its classic pediment, was built in 1760 by John Spencer, son of the third Earl of Sunderland. The next great house proceeding towards the Mall is Bridgewater House, residence of the Earl of Ellesmere, which stands on the site of Berkshire House, once famous as the residence of Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland and favourite of Charles II. The last building on the right is Lancaster House. This is the London Museum, but at the moment it is largely in the possession of the Foreign Office, although possessing a Museum caretaking staff—*Drawing by Maud Parsons*

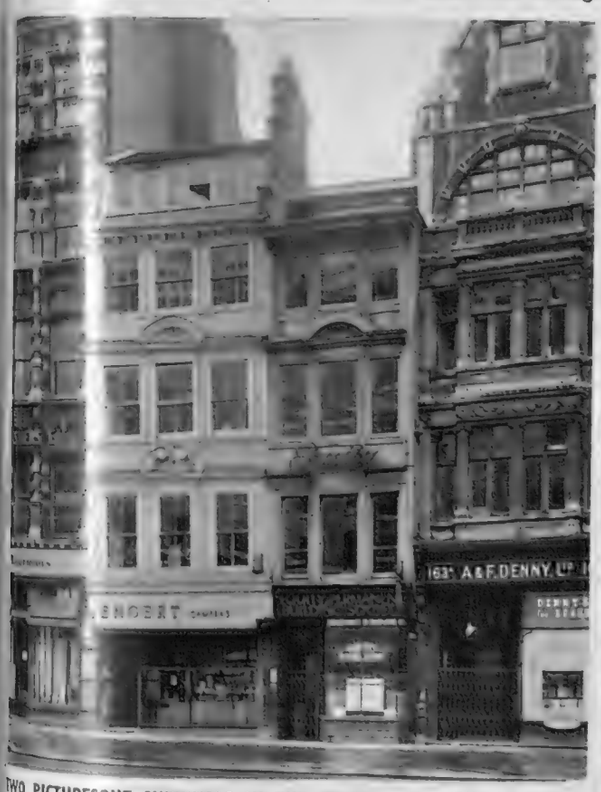
THE STATELY FAÇADE OF SPENCER HOUSE FRONTING THE GREEN PARK: **In nearly two centuries of history Spencer House has been the scene of lavish entertainment, as witness the season of 1924, when General Cornelius Vanderbilt took it for the summer and extended hospitality on American scale. In the previous year it had been rented by Princess Anastasia of Greece, formerly Mrs. Leeds, the widow of an American tinplate manufacturer. Now it passes into the hands of Christie's as an auction-room**

LONDON HOUSES IN THE NEWS

Coming Changes at Spencer House, Green Park, and a Restoration in the Strand

Most Londoners know the skyline of Park Lane or the skyline of the Thames from Westminster to St. Paul's, but comparatively few are aware of the stately homes which front the eastern end of the Green Park and which form the subject of Miss Parsons' drawing. These houses for the most part escaped bomb damage, and the task of converting Spencer House into Christie's new auction-room will be comparatively simple. Lancaster House was not quite so fortunate, however, a vast crack running down the face of the north-west corner of the building. This was the result of a land-mine which fell near by. Lancaster House, originally erected as a residence for Frederick, Duke of York, son of George III, was started by Wyatt. It was unfinished at the time of the Duke's death and then completed by Barry as the town house of the Dukes of Sutherland. It was said that when Queen Victoria visited the Duke there she was so impressed that she remarked: "I have come from my house to your palace." The lease of the house was purchased in 1913 by Lord Leverhulme, and he presented it to the nation as the London Museum

On right—A FINE PIECE OF RESTORATION WORK IN THE STRAND: These two old houses, Nos. 229 and 230, which for generations looked out upon Old Temple Bar, have undergone a complete restoration, and one of them is to become a luncheon club for members of the legal profession. They stand next to Thanet House, on the site of which was the Rose Tavern, a favourite resort of both lawyers and literary men in the eighteenth century. Horace Walpole mentioned the tavern's Painted Room in his writings



TWO PICTURESQUE SURVIVALS IN THE STRAND: These two buildings go almost unnoticed by the Londoner in his daily hurry to and from work or in his lunch-hour stroll, but their upper storeys have a picturesque seventeenth-century charm deserving of careful preservation. The open space in front of these houses and of the church of St. Mary-le-Strand is said to have been the first hackney-coach stand in London. It was established by Captain Baily about 1634. The Captain had served with Raleigh on his voyage to British Guiana, but evidently he found this new venture more profitable and less arduous, as he continued it for very nearly twenty years

CRICKET IS LIVELIER

Some Spectacular Incidents in Recent County Matches

THE SPIRIT OF THE GAME: Partridge, of Northants, and McIntyre, the Surrey wicket-keeper, collide and embrace when the batsman scrambled home in the face of a quick return by one of the Surrey fielders. This year the majority of County matches have been much more lively, and cricket has shown a remarkable post-war resiliency

THE INCOMPARABLE DENIS: D. Compton, mainstay of the Middlesex batting, escapes being stumped during the match with the South Africans. Compton, who compiled over 600 runs in May, has been at his sparkling best

THIS WAS E. A. BEDSER'S DOING: Fiddling, the Northants wicket-keeper, and one of the Northants fielders attempting without success to stop a leg-glide by the Surrey opening batsman. Northants are one of the improving sides in the County Championship, and at the end of three days' play Surrey were beyond doubt fortunate to save the game

WHITTAKER SENDS ONE TO THE BOUNDARY: This was during the match between Surrey and Worcester, at the Oval. Surrey have a fair amount of talent upon which to draw this year, but they lack the spectacular qualities of their rivals, Middlesex, and it is to Lord's that the enthusiast must go if he wishes to be sure of brighter and breezier cricket

At Sea: Flashlight Pictures Taken at Night Aboard a Drifter with the East Coast Herring Fleet

THE BUCHAN HERRING FLEET SETS OUT FOR ANOTHER SIXTEEN HOURS AT SEA: The "deckie" takes things easy when he can. This picture was taken on board the drifter "Craigearn" of the Fraserburgh Fleet

SKIPPER DOWNIE OF THE "CRAIGEARN" IN HIS WHEELHOUSE: **Heading the drifter for the first "berth," 24 miles east-north-east of Fraserburgh.** These remarkable pictures were taken at night on a drifter with the Buchan herring fleet. Sometimes the camera had to be lashed to the mast, but the result was an impressive record of life with the East Coast herring fleet, some aspects of which appear on this page. The "berth" is selected before darkness falls and the nets are not cast until each boat is well clear of its neighbour. Sixty crans must be brought in each week to pay the men a full week's wages. They work on a share basis and if they have a bad week their wages suffer. The Minister of Food has announced that any surplus catch this season will be bought by the Government for conversion into oil and meal. The oil can be used to make margarine and the meal for feeding animals. It is hoped, thus, to obtain 1,000 tons of oil and 2,000 tons of meal

HOISTING THE NETS: "Deckies" of the crew of the "Craigearn" as they were hauling the nets up from the hold to get them ready for casting

CASTING THE NETS: A magnificent study of moonlight on the North Sea as "deckies" of the "Craigearn" cast their nets. Casting is a skilled job demanding years of practice and a native skill. The Government has offered to buy any of their surplus catch at 30s. a cran for conversion into oil and meal

FRENCH RESORTS THREE YEARS AFTER "D"-DAY

How Le Touquet Paris-Plage and Other Seaside Places Are Faring

By CHARLES GRAVES

HUNDREDS of British holiday-makers, who have been deliberately scared out of going to the Riviera this summer by Scotland Yard, can find a solution to their Continental holiday just across the Channel. Le Touquet Paris-Plage, once the most English of all holiday resorts in France, has over 1,800 beds available from now onwards. I have just returned from a personal reconnaissance over the week-end and thoroughly enjoyed myself.

The last time that Le Touquet appeared in the English newspapers was a news item to the effect that over 800,000 German mines would have to be removed before the place was safe, and that the golf-courses were knee-deep in rough and barbed-wire. With little or no encouragement from the French Government the local inhabitants have cleared all the mines. In the course of their removal thirty-three German prisoners of war and eight French and Spanish volunteers were killed. But the deed had been done.

True, it will cost 300,000,000 francs to renovate the Picardy Hotel; and 75,000,000 francs to renovate the Hermitage; and another 150,000,000 francs to reconstruct the Casino de la Forêt. But the Westminster Hotel has eighty bedrooms open and expects to have another forty ready by the end of the summer, and all the hotels in Paris-Plage are already in full working order, except for the Grand Hotel, which has been turned into the Casino with three roulette tables and nine or ten chemin-de-fer tables, with George's Bar as well.

I stayed at the Hotel Centre, where a double bedroom and bathroom is only 400 francs a night. The Normandie is just as it was before the war, open-air restaurant and all. The charge here is 500 francs a night for a double bedroom and bathroom.

The Rue St. Jean has miraculously survived all the bombing, and its doll-size shops are full of expensive merchandise. I must admit that many of the streets running parallel with the Plage have lost numbers of houses, but the general atmosphere of Paris-Plage is that of pre-war gaiety. Each morning one is awakened by the cries of "La belle crevette, Madame," called out by the shrimp-women, with their nets over their shoulders, their baskets over their backs, their shapeless clothes and their black, footless stockings. Looking out of the window, one sees them followed by burly, yet slouching, German prisoners of war on their way to work from their hutments in the sand dunes. It is an irony of fate that these hutments, built by the Germans for their anti-aircraft batteries, should now be the prisoners-of-war camp.

Le Touquet saw many of the top German fighter-pilots and generals between 1940 and 1944, for the Ace of Spades Squadron was stationed there—the Ace of Spades Squadron, led by Moulders and Gallant, the two top-scoring German fighter-pilots. Hitler never came nearer than Etaples (five kilometres away) on his way to Boulogne, where he slept in his special armoured train in the tunnel near the Tintelleries Railway Station. That was in 1942. The following year Rommel, followed by Von Rundstedt and Von Brauchitz, stayed at the Britannia Hotel, though after one or two dashing exploits by our Commandos they moved from this exposed quarter on the Rue Lens to Sunny Corner Villa, in the forest.

It was strange to find that one of my waiters at the Hotel Centre had waited on table for Rommel. He told me that each time he did so his pockets were searched for weapons.

After the ill-starred dress-rehearsal for invading England, which was caught in the act by the Royal Navy and the R.A.F., the local inhabitants were forbidden for over a week to go on the foreshore, because of the number of corpses lying there. One of the things which cheered the people of Le Touquet most was to discover that the Germans were so utterly ignorant of the sea that they did not realise that the tides came in and went out again. On more than one occasion when doing landing exercises their assault landing-craft—flat-bottomed boats brought from Holland—were stranded high and dry.

On other occasions English and Empire airmen shot down in the neighbourhood were smuggled out of the area. Then a Canadian airman was discovered in the house of Monsieur Roger, whose widow still sells shirts and ties opposite the Hotel Centre. Monsieur Roger and three others were shot. Two more were deported. Incidentally, there is a cemetery at the back of the Hotel Westminster where German and British airmen lie buried in different corners. Each morning after a British pilot was buried in the cemetery, his grave was heaped with flowers. This caused the utmost annoyance to the German authorities, who tried to insist, without success, that the same thing should be done for German airmen.

As time went on, the undersea defences of the famous Atlantic Wall were strengthened, and then came mysterious troops wearing green badges. They were therefore not artillery, infantry, tank troops, or anything else which the local inhabitant recognised only too well. The mystery was finally solved by a ten-year-old French girl who spent one morning with a group of German officers and then returned to her father with the information that they were looking for sites for tennis courts. This was in November 1943. The girl's father replied that it was the wrong time of year to play tennis, and that, anyway, the Germans did not play tennis. The little girl replied firmly that she was right. "I know it," she said, "because they keep on talking about their rackets." Rackets? Rockets! . . . Her father quickly got in touch with the Underground, who sent a message across to England. This was not at first believed (or so I was told at Le Touquet). However, two English officers were flown into Amiens, made a careful investigation, and were then flown back from Abbeville. If this story is true, it means that the first intimation of the L-shaped V.1 sites was provided by ten-year-old Mademoiselle Le Clerc. . . .

Of the 1,100 villas in Le Touquet Paris-Plage, 300 were either demolished or seriously damaged. One of those which escaped was that of P. G. Wodehouse, which was placarded as being under German protection. Incidentally, when P. G. Wodehouse returned to see his villa he went to the club-house of the golf-course, which is now Vincent Stoneham's villa—Le Manoir. But Alfred and Charles, the barmen, refused him a drink. This was not unnatural, as Alfred had been a fellow prisoner-of-war before P. G. Wodehouse was taken away to more luxurious quarters. Charles was a prisoner also—for five long years in Poland.

The wine-cellars and the furniture of most of the other villas were looted, and the German authorities kept on requisitioning wine by the fifty-dozen from the hotels. Two of the best-known villas—those of Lady Furness and General Hawkins—have been "sinistered," as the French say so graphically.

Before it was smashed, the Casino de la Forêt was used as a military hospital, as was also the Hermitage. The golf-club, completely wrecked, was used as a leave centre for German Luftwaffe officers.

As for the golf-course, Arthur Grant is back. Nine of the best holes of the old course are already in play and in at least as good condition as those of Mandelieu and Mougins, in the South of France. They include those two very attractive holes, numbers 13 and 14, over the pine-trees. The pine-trees were greatly thinned by the Germans, but the essential character of both holes remains. By the end of the year Vincent Stoneham, son of the late owner of the golf-course, expects to have another nine holes, making a complete eighteen available for play. These will be the first seven and the last two of the new course.

Both the Auberge d'Inxten and the La Grenouillère are serving just as good food as ever, though the latter has to be reached by a roundabout route owing to a blown bridge. The proprietress of the Auberge d'Inxten had a number of Germans billeted on her. Their officer complained to her that though she could talk English she could not, or would not, talk German. He said this in a threatening manner, and asked for an explanation. Her reply was a model of tact. "Well, you see, M'sieur," she replied, "the English and Americans come every year. You Germans come only once every twenty years."

Montreuil is quite untouched except for the removal of the mounted statue of Lord Haig, whose headquarters it was in World War I. Both bridges between Le Touquet and Montreuil were bombed and destroyed, but one of them has been temporarily repaired.

The front of Le Touquet is a sorry sight and a walk along the sandy foreshore at low tide reveals numbers of rusty fragments of bombs and even flying-bombs, which, presumably, had failed to be launched successfully. But the big swimming-pool on the Plage is as spick and span as ever. So is Georges, the barman, who looks, if possible, younger than he did before the war.

From now until June 28 the Casino is open from Thursdays to Mondays, but from June 28 to September 28 it will be available every night for gamblers. The croupiers, I may say, are very charming but slightly inexperienced, and if there is much of a crowd it is wise to see that one's instructions to them for placing a bet are carried out correctly.

Altogether, Le Touquet is well worth a visit—if only for the week-end. But think twice about taking your motor-car on the passenger service, like the *Canterbury*. The cost is £15 each way, plus the £2 per head for the sea voyage each way. After all which, the French Customs refuse to pass you through until they have dealt with perhaps 1,000 travellers going off by train. If you do take a car, therefore, send it on the Auto-Carrier or the *Townshend*. It will cost much less and you will get away sooner.

WRECKAGE STILL LINES THE BEACH AT ARROMANCHES: The scene at the little Norman coastal village three years after "D"-Day. Out to sea are remnants of the prefabricated Mulberry Harbour

A GUN POSITION AT POINTE DU HOE: Tourists examining the spot where the 2nd Battalion, the U.S. Rangers, scaled the cliffs in order to silence the battery in its powerful emplacements

ON OMAHA BEACH: Another scene of the Allied landings which sounded the death-knell of German power in Europe. Out to sea is a long line of concrete blockships and sunken transports acting as a breakwater

THE RUINS OF GOETHE'S BIRTHPLACE IN FRANKFORT-ON-MAIN: The house was destroyed by Allied aircraft in March 1944, when the old section of the town was bombed. Plans have now been made to restore the building in time for the bicentenary of the poet's birth there in 1749

GOETHE'S BIRTHPLACE

The Blitzed House where Germany's National Poet was Born, which is now to be Restored

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe was born at Frankfort-on-Main on August 28, 1749. He lived there until 1775, when he went to Weimar under the patronage of Karl August, Duke of Saxe-Weimar. Weimar remained his home until the end of his life. Much early work was done in Frankfort, where, in 1773, he published his first great tragedy, *Götz von Berlichingen*.

In March 1944 Allied aircraft attacked the old section of the city of Frankfort-on-Main, and Goethe's house was badly damaged. Plans are now proceeding for the restoration of the building, and the Director of the

(*Continued below*)

THE BIRTHPLACE OF JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE AS IT WAS BEFORE THE WAR: It then showed little change since August 1749, when Goethe was born

THE SITE OF THE KITCHEN IN THE GOETHE HOUSE AT FRANKFORT: A picture which shows how severely the building was damaged. In the background can be seen the small garden, in the wall of which is set an old fountain

A COLLECTION OF COOKING UTENSILS WHICH BELONGED TO GOETHE'S MOTHER: The contents of the house were safely stowed away during the war, and they will be replaced on the completion of rebuilding work

(*Continued from above*)

Goethe Museum, Dr. Ernst Boutler, has been engaged to supervise the work. It is hoped to complete the reconstruction for the bicentenary of the poet's birth. Fortunately, the furnishings had been safely stored, and these will be replaced when the building is completed. In spite of the severe damage, the house will be reconstructed with considerable accuracy with the aid of photographs, numbers of which exist, taken from various viewpoints. The United States Modern Language Association is sponsoring a special fund to raise money for the scheme.

Last year, THE SPHERE published pictures of Albrecht Dürer's house in Nuremberg, damaged in an R.A.F. raid in January 1945. It is not so severely damaged as the Goethe house and may, perhaps, be the next for reconstruction

THE DIRECTOR OF RECONSTRUCTION WITH THE PLANS: Dr. Ernst Boutler, Director of the Goethe Museum in Frankfort-on-Main, and a Professor of the Goethe University, is in charge of the task of rebuilding

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

"KING COTTON": A STORY ON THE HEROIC SCALE

When the People of Lancashire, Acting Against Their Own Personal Well-being, Gave the World an Example of "Sublime Christian Heroism"

IT is no surprise to learn that Mr. Thomas Armstrong took four years in the writing of his new novel. It is a monumental production, more than 900 pages long, and more conveniently studied on a reading stand than in the frail human hand. KING COTTON (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is devised on the heroic scale, and tells an heroic story.

Briefly—an inappropriate word in this connection—this is the story of an English family, set against the background of Lancashire before, during and after the American Civil War. The actual period of time covered is comparatively short, and it is the great mass of detail, most of which reads with complete authenticity, that gives the book its formidable length. There is one love-story which dominates the others, but the real spirit of the book lies in the drama of the self-imposed sufferings of the Lancashire people, who deliberately chose starvation rather than attempt to persuade the British Government to back the Southern States of America in their fight to maintain slavery. This attitude was described by Lincoln as "sublime Christian heroism."

On the whole, although overlong, *King Cotton* is a strong reminder of the part that this country played in the birth of the real United States: a part in which principles were held more precious than national commercial gain.

THE AUTHOR OF "KING COTTON": Thomas Armstrong, whose new novel, the story of the Lancashire cotton trade at the time of the American Civil War, has just been published by the house of Collins and is reviewed on this page. Mr. Armstrong is seen with his wife outside their home in Swaledale, Yorkshire

It is typical of Dr. David Mathew's fine sense of words that he should have described his first study of African history, ETHIOPIA (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.), as "The Study of a Polity," for a polity may be interpreted as a particular form of political organisation, or an organised society or state, and either of these definitions exactly fits an examination of the Ethiopian kingship from 1540 to 1935.

That span of years, of course, in itself is extraordinary; from the sixteenth century to the days of that small, dignified figure, Haile Selassie, who, in the past twelve years has become familiar to even the most casual reader of newspapers, and of whose "stoic endurance" Dr. Mathew writes. We have known an Abyssinian War in our own times, but few of us will know the course of that country's history during the 400 years under review; the impact of the Portuguese and of Cairo, the legend of Prester John, the growth of ritual in the Court, the influence of Europe, or the development of a culture.

English travellers of the eighteenth century seem more exotic in their exploits than the native Abyssinians, but at least three penetrated there and left their records for posterity: Lord Valentia, Henry Salt and James Bruce of Kinnaird, whose detailed descriptions are amazingly vivid. The whole volume, although it deals with a land and with a people who seem remote to us here, is of quite exceptional and sustained interest, and it is worth noting that it is blessed with an excellent and comprehensive index.

In THE CHEQUER BOARD (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.), Mr. Nevil Shute turns to the old device of a man who is told he has only twelve months to live. John Turner is not a particularly pleasant character, but, on receiving his death sentence, he begins to think about the three men who were in hospital with him in Cornwall at the time when he was wounded. One was a paratrooper, who had been taught to take life easily and was under the shadow of the consequences of a personal violence. There was also a young airman married to a nasty type of gold-digger, as well as an American negro who had attempted suicide under the fear of being lynched.

Looking for these three takes Turner on a trip to Burma, where he finds that the young airman has happily resolved his problem. The paratrooper, too, is found to have discarded his technique for murder, and has settled down happily. Dave, the negro, resolves his problem with the white girl who first feared, and then loved him, and in the end we leave Turner awaiting death with more serenity and insight than he had when he first set out on his quest.

Mr. Nevil Shute once more displays his versatility in this complex story, and never fails to maintain his very high standard of story-telling.

ELIZABETH IS MISSING (Michael Joseph. 15s.) is a study in pastiche; a jovial and lusty reconstruction of an eighteenth-century mystery. The mystery in itself was neither profoundly exciting nor in the least significant, but it was, and has remained until now, a mystery. One night in January 1753 a girl called Elizabeth Canning said good-night to her aunt in Houndsditch and started home on foot. From the moment she walked off into the darkness she was not seen again, and her mother and relations were distraught, until a month later she walked into her home, dirty, ragged, bruised and half out of her senses.

Her story of what had befallen caused the trial and punishment of a Notorious Bawd and a Hideous Gypsy, but in the end Elizabeth herself was counter-accused, sentenced and deported to America, where she lived in Connecticut, married, bore children, and finally died without divulging the secret of What Had Really Happened. This, says the ingenious author, Miss Lillian de la Torre, was because Elizabeth Never Really Knew, but the tale is lively in the telling and original in its presentation.

LOVE FROM LONDON (Aldor. 12s. 6d.) is a novel with a good central idea, and one that I have seen worked out on only one other occasion, and that with a lighter and more fantastic touch. Mr. Gilbert Gabriel's book is chatty rather than light, and mundane rather than fantastic, but the theme remains an interesting one, and worthy of development.

In London during the war there were many old squares of houses that suffered bomb damage to a degree where their owners had to move away, and later, as London remained a focal point both of attack and defence, these same houses were occupied by soldiers, by refugees, by first-aid posts, by the homeless, and by all that vast class of people the Americans so effectively labelled as "transients." Such a place was the Adelaide Square of Mr. Gabriel's imagining, and his pretty Gibraltar gypsy heroine, and her three admirers, American, Norwegian and English, lived their several lives there through the worst years of the war.

In style, this novel is loosely written and scrappy, and studded with misplaced intensities, but it has a breath of life in it, and whatever the gap between the author's understanding and its expression, that understanding is still implicit, and therefore gratefully noted by at least one reviewer.

I am old-fashioned enough not to find any appeal, and actually the reverse, in the phrase used by a small number of publishers, that a book is "the story of the film." Films are all very well in their way, and sometimes that way is an excellent, even an inspiring one, but it is not the way of literature, and to praise one art in terms of another seems to me to be a poor business. If film people choose to make a movie version of a novel, then well and good; it may or may not be successful æsthetically. But after the production of such a film, to advertise a written version of *their* version of the author's original seems to me not only bad judgment, but pure silliness.

There may be one or two exceptions to this personal rule, but they are very few. I think that one is THE LAST CHANCE, the story of a superb international film, made during the war. It has been translated by Lord Sudley, and is published in an undistinguished format by Secker and Warburg and Lindsay Drummond in conjunction, at 7s. 6d. Eight photographs taken from the film itself serve as illustrations. If you have not been able to see the film yet, this is worth reading. If you have, it will be some kind of souvenir, of the story that a Swiss author, Mr. Richard Schweizer, wrote, and a company, mainly of amateurs, performed memorably.

BRITISH ADVENTURE

An Omnibus That Misfires, and Other Reviews in Brief

In the happy and glorious years of the nineteenth century, the era of British expansionism, any adventure book was sure of a welcome; few cared to question the motives underlying the adventurer's quest. To-day we still honour the names of adventurers, our soldiers and sailors of fortune, our mountaineers and explorers, but somehow the word "adventure," in its best sense, has taken on a new, more unselfish meaning, and in its worst sense, an infinitely more sinister meaning. Twice in twenty-five years the jackboot of Germany has bestrode Europe, the perverted gospel of Nietszche, who propounded the theory of the master race, has been translated into terms of all-destroying military adventure. Now, at long last, more mature in our ideas of Imperial Commonwealth, no longer carried away by the map's bright hues, and more reserved and cautious in our assessment of greatness, we honour adventurers in many fields, the doctor, the scientist, the astronomer, and not least the metaphysician, the adventurer in the world of ideas. In BRITISH ADVENTURE (Collins. 21s.), a new omnibus addition to the "Britain in Pictures" Series, this more-grown-up conception has hardly any place at all. Here is a lavishly-illustrated, superbly printed, and well-written anthology, with contributors of the highest standing, but probing beneath its bright disguise, its forty-eight colour plates, we are left with an uncomfortable feeling of inadequacy. The book is divided into six sections: British Merchant Adventurers, by Maurice Collis; British Polar Explorers, by Sir Edward Evans (Lord Mountevans); British Mountaineers, by F. S. Smythe; British Seamen, by David Mathew; British Soldiers, by S. H. F. Johnston; and Britain in the Air, by Nigel Tangye. Except in the admirable chapters by Lord Mountevans, who describes in graphic prose the last days of Captain Scott, and Mr. Smythe, perhaps the greatest of contemporary climbers, the accent throughout is upon aggression and conquest, the glorification of the sword. Nietszche would have been well pleased.

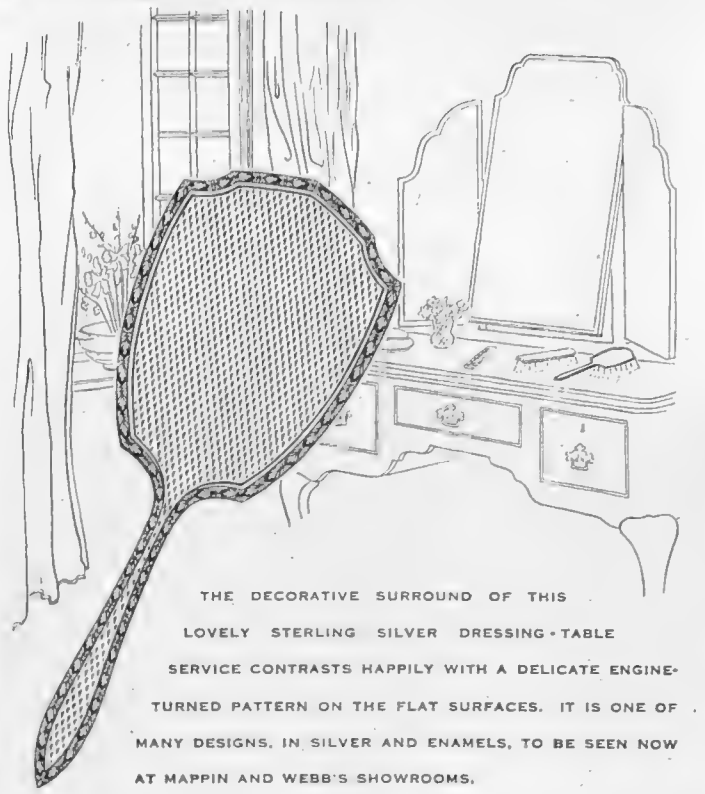
The salmon is an eccentric, as also is its pursuer, if three new books touching upon the subject are a reliable guide. E. L. Grant Watson, in WONDERS OF NATURAL HISTORY (Pleiades Books. 8s. 6d.), tells of the strange journeyings of the salmon towards its marriage rendezvous—an impulse that leads it from the sea to the mountain streams in the face of insuperable difficulties. This is one of many fascinating chapters in a book of essays based upon a close and loving observance of Nature. Charles Kennard and Richard Waddington, on the other hand, are writers in very different vein, and their views on salmon-fishing are bound to shock the purists. Charles Kennard, in WHAT SPORT (Frederick Muller. 10s. 6d.), reveals himself to be the most unorthodox of fishermen, using his Labrador to retrieve fish and employing many strange methods in his search for salmon and trout. Hardly more orthodox is Richard Waddington, whose SALMON FISHING: A NEW PHILOSOPHY (Peter Davies. 16s. 6d.) propounds fly-fishing theories which are going to startle the old hands. His new and revolutionary ideas certainly appear to work when it comes to the acid test of landing salmon. Anxious anglers must not think for one moment, however, that either Mr. Kennard or Mr. Waddington use high-explosives to achieve their results. There is a dignified limit to their unorthodoxy.

For the Contract Bridge enthusiast comes another new handbook, WINNING TRICKS (Duckworth. 8s. 6d.), by John Brown. The Squeeze, including the Vienna Coup, the Double Squeeze, the Triple Squeeze and the Trump Squeeze are described with clarity, as also are the many anomalies and paradoxes of the game, showing why it is sometimes allowable to commit the worst "sins." This is a book for the average player, and if followed diligently should prove profitable.

THE ROSE ANNUAL FOR 1947 (issued only to members of the National Rose Society) has just made its appearance. It is full of valuable articles and illustrations, and cites some of the new varieties of the past year.

Two well-printed booklets, LOOKING AT A PLAY, by W. Bridges-Adams, and A WAY OF LOOKING AT PICTURES, by Allan Gwynne-Jones, come from Phœnix House and cost 3s. 6d. for 48 and 29 pages respectively, plus illustrations. Both should be of value to the student and contain some sound facts for the formation of judgment, but the short space available necessarily restricts their scope. Mr. Bridges-Adams discourses learnedly and amusingly on the theatre, and Mr. Allan Gwynne-Jones takes on the weighty task of explaining Picasso in his last chapter.

Setting for Silver



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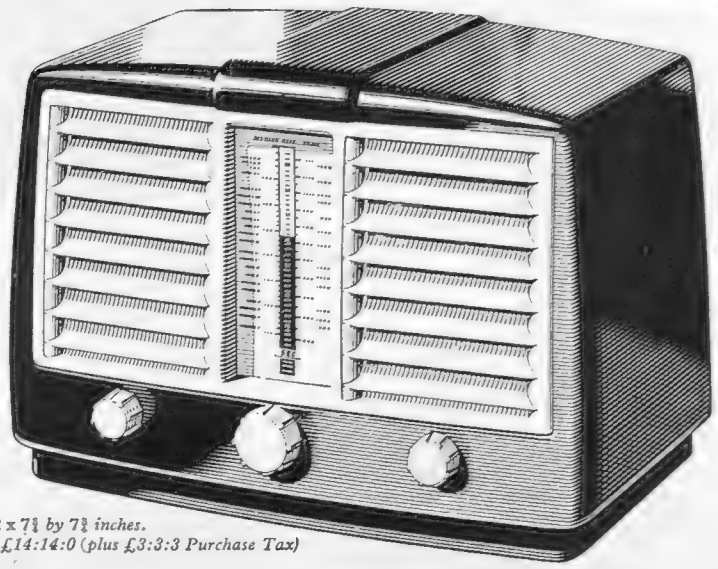

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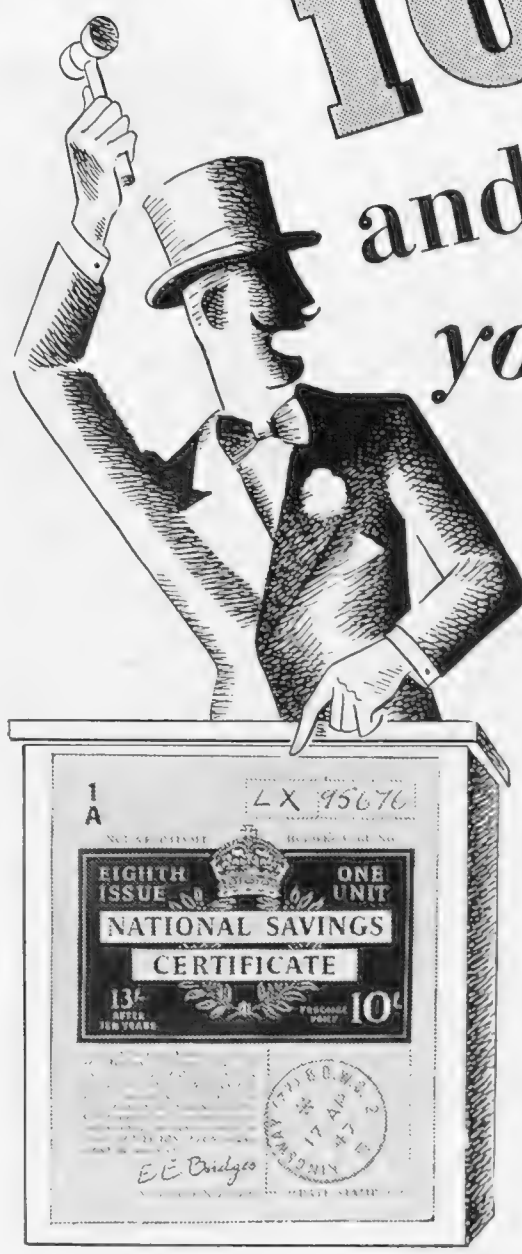

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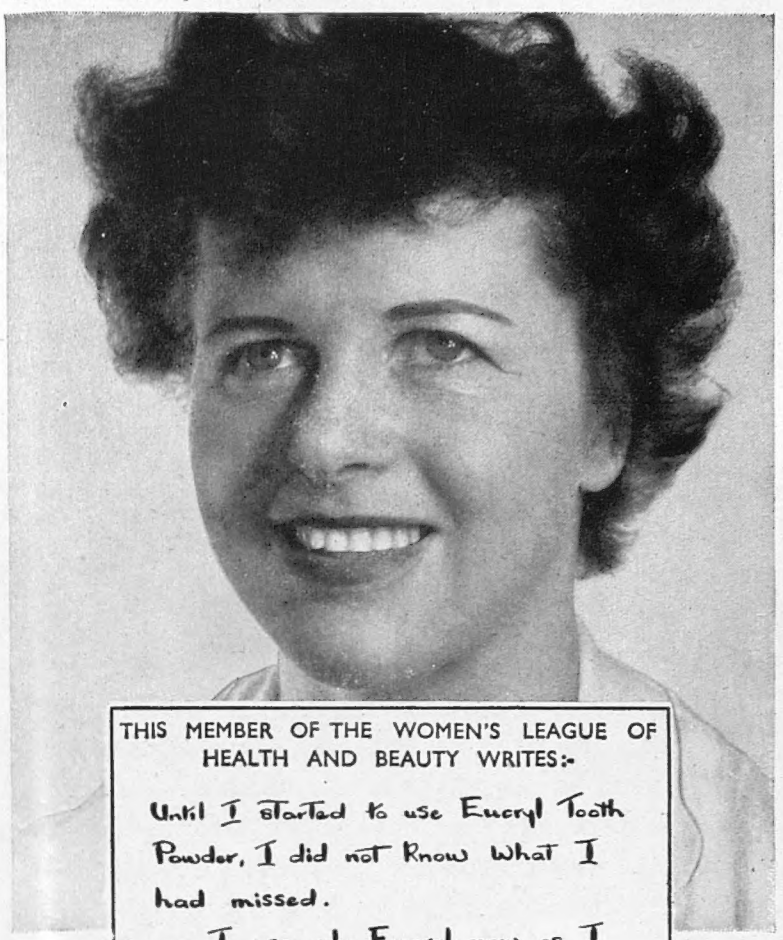

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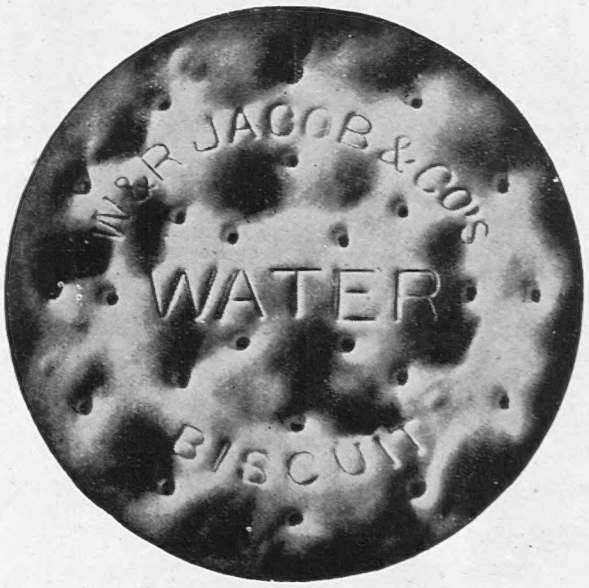

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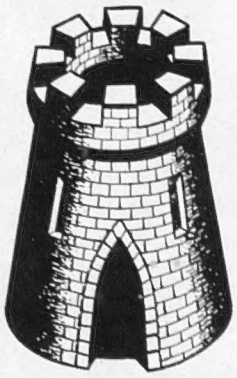
For people  *of good taste*

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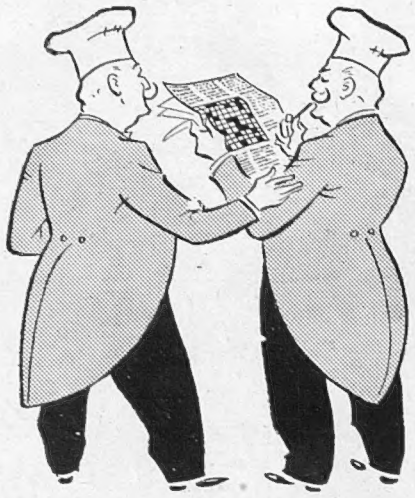

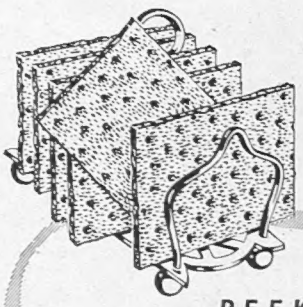

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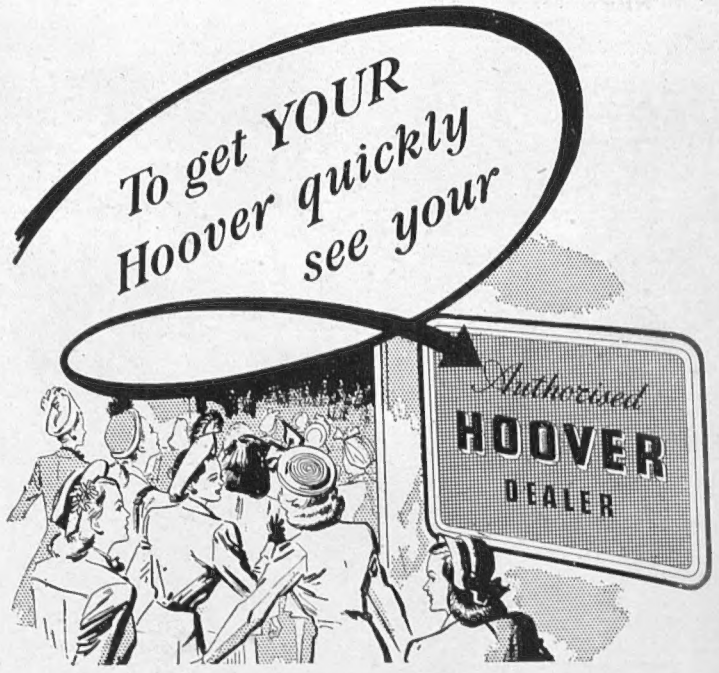

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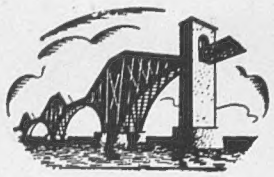

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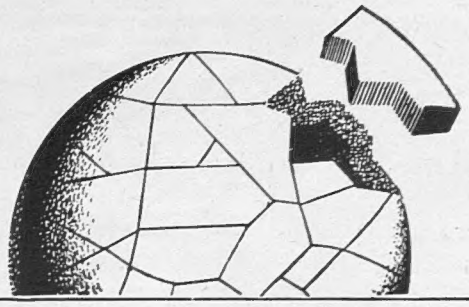

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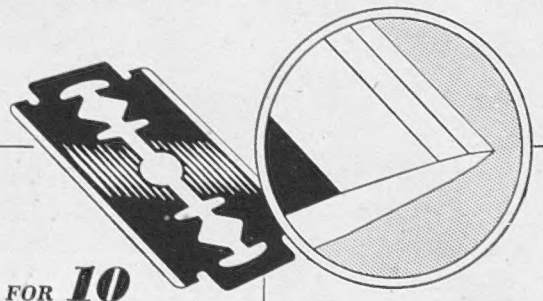

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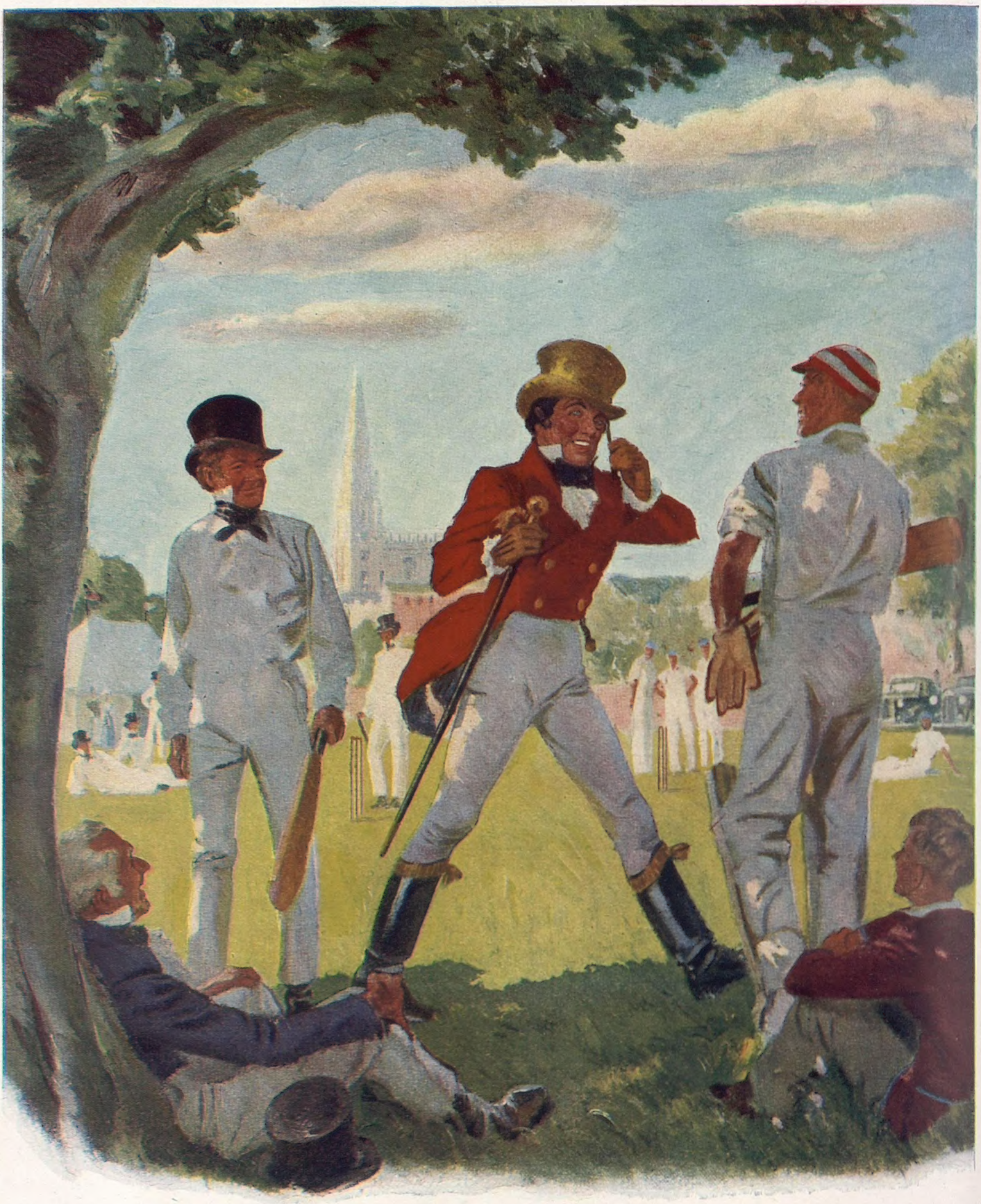

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